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NAVAL DISARMAMENT was brought a step nearer at the meeting of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission at Geneva which has just adjourned. Hugh Gibson's speech at the opening of the session was remarkable for two things. He pleaded for arms *reduction* rather than arms *limitation,* which marks a distinct psychological advance. Secondly, he stated that the United States was willing to consider the French suggestion of "equivalent tonnages"; and, moreover, in order to work out a fair basis of comparison between different vessels, the United States would be willing to take into consideration such factors as age and the caliber of guns, in addition to tonnage. Land disarmament, on the other hand, received a serious set-back at the hands of Mr. Gibson. As a concession to France, Italy, and other nations on the continent, Mr. Gibson, on behalf of the United States, dropped our demand, hitherto insistent, that reserves be counted as part of an army's strength. Obviously there can be no effective land disarmament as long as a nation can train an unlimited army of reserves. There was an abortive attempt at limiting war stocks, but the surprisingly realistic suggestion from France that war-stock budgets be limited gave way to a resolution which declared merely for publicity of expenditures, provision for which is already made under the Covenant of the League. This move was made apparently for show only. Like Maxim Litvinoff, we would have liked it better if the representatives of the nations gathered at Geneva had made a "frank, honest statement that methods had not been found for limitation of war stocks."

AS WE GO TO PRESS the French and Belgian delegates to the reparations meeting have not accepted the compromise plan worked out by Owen D. Young after incessant and patient labor with Dr. Schacht. In the French press the drift was against a compromise on the ground that the yielding by France of approximately $600,000,000 more was too much to ask. None the less, we are inclined to believe that after some more bickering an acceptable compromise will be arrived at. We are encouraged in this belief by evidences that the German Government itself was not satisfied with Dr. Schacht's proposals or, perhaps, his manner of presenting them. The following figures will throw some light on the prevailing situation: The so-called "normal" Dawes Plan annuity is approximately $600,000,000, or 2,500,000,000 marks. The Allied demand of April 13 called for fifty-eight annual payments, the first thirty-seven averaging 2,198,000,000 marks, the next twenty 1,700,000,000 marks, with a final payment of 900,000,000 marks. To this the Germans replied with an offer of thirty-seven annual payments of 1,650,000,000 marks each. Mr. Young's compromise calls for a return to fifty-eight annuities, thirty-seven of which are to average 2,050,000,000 marks, twenty are to be of 1,700,000,000 marks each, with a final payment of 900,000,000 marks. If the compromise is accepted, the present Dawes Plan annuities of $600,000,000 will be reduced for the next thirty-seven years by $108,000,000 annually, a considerable sum for a country struggling back to normal life and financial freedom.

A DAUGHTER OF WOODROW WILSON the first woman Senator to serve a full term? This is the interesting possibility suggested by the proposal to nominate Mrs. Jessie Wilson Sayre for United States Senator in Massachusetts, especially if ex-Governor Fuller persists in his plan to run for that office in 1930. Mrs. Sayre presided admirably at Smith meetings last fall, spoke ably, and threw herself whole-heartedly into the fight in behalf of the Governor of New York for freedom of religious belief. Everything possible ought to be done to defeat Mr. Fuller. His nomination is, fortunately, opposed by one wing of the Boston conservatives—the *Transcript* has been frantically calling for Mr. Coolidge's nomination in order to stop Mr. Fuller. Naturally if Mr. Fuller should run, the Sacco-Vanzetti case would be thrust to the forefront of his campaign. His partisans believe that this would help him as Mr. Coolidge's imagined services in the police strike sent him on his way to

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the White House, and they count on Mr. Fuller's Roman Catholic wife to help him win some of the dominant Roman Catholic votes of Boston. We are certain that as long as he lives the Sacco-Vanzetti case will pursue Mr. Fuller as Banquo's ghost gave no mercy to Macbeth. Those wrongly and wickedly executed men caused Mr. Fuller's immediate elimination from the candidates for the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency, and the rumor will not down that he failed to obtain the ambassadorship to France only because the French Government, on being sounded, declared that it could not guarantee his life if he were to live in Paris. This man's record ought surely to make impossible his election to the Senate from even the dishonored State of Massachusetts.

BY A 9 TO 7 VOTE the Senate Judiciary Committee has upheld Mr. Mellon's right to his seat in the Cabinet, with one Democratic Senator, Ashurst of Arizona, not voting. To us there can be no question that the facts, as set forth in Mr. Anderson's Washington correspondence on page 583, ought to bring about Mr. Mellon's withdrawal from the Cabinet. Mr. Mellon himself has sworn that in the deal with James B. Duke the principals came to his house in Washington, dined with him, and stayed until two o'clock in the morning while they went over the whole transaction. If this is not actively participating in a business—he subsequently went to Canada to inspect the properties involved—what could be? As long as the law is what it is Mr. Mellon is clearly ineligible. Were he some new man just selected by Mr. Hoover to enter the Cabinet, we are sure that he would not be confirmed. More than that, were he a high-minded and sensitive person, he would tender his resignation and thus give Mr. Hoover freedom of action. Instead we shall have him holding office by grace of the hypocrisy of the majority in Congress, and the President will again be in the unpleasant position of not having lived up to his law-enforcement speech.

CONDEMNATION by the Federal Grand Jury for the Southern District of New York of the practice of allowing government officials, including Congressmen, to enter the ports of the United States without having their baggage inspected has sent Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman—in charge of prohibition enforcement—scurrying to his files. And in view of President Hoover's recent passionate plea for obedience to the law, Secretary Lowman's findings should be carefully studied, especially by Congressmen who vote dry but are sometimes stricken with a no-longer-innocent thirst. Free entry, in the literal sense of the term, was sacrificed when prohibition came in. On October 4, 1920, the customs regulations of 1915 permitting free entry were specifically amended.

> In order to prevent the importation of intoxicating beverages [reads the order to Collectors of Customs] in violation of the national prohibition act . . . it has become necessary to require the examination of all baggage and effects for which free entry is granted. . . . As this practice will be a distinct departure from the custom that has prevailed of waiving examination when admitting effects to free entry, you should take immediate steps to impress upon your force the necessity for careful compliance with the amended regulations.

Apparently this regulation has been as rigidly enforced as its illustrious predecessor, the Volstead Act. Curiously enough, the Treasury Department has charge of enforcing both. May we point out to Mr. Hoover that his awe-for-law speech should have been delivered first in the houses of Congress, with the Treasury Department present by special invitation.

SOME YEARS AGO, when it was more customary than it is today for railroads to run unfenced across farmers' pastures, one of those persons whom the newspapers like to call railroad "magnates" was asked by his small son what preferred stock was. "My boy," replied the great man judicially, "preferred stock is any farmer's ordinary stock after it has been run over by a train." In like manner steamships seem to have two prices, one when they are sold by the United States Shipping Board and another after they become the property of a private firm. The Shipping Board last winter accepted a bid of $16,082,000 from P. W. Chapman and Company for the eleven vessels of the United States and American Merchant lines. But in the circular recently put out by the Chapman firm offering 600,000 shares of preferred stock to the public we find this paragraph: "In the opinion of independent marine authorities, based on current costs, the sound value of the vessels of the fleet (after allowing for depreciation) is $32,500,000." Nor did the Shipping Board receive cash. On the contrary, Senator McKellar of Tennessee said in Congress that the government would obtain only $4,000,000 in cash, grant a credit of $12,000,000, and then lend 75 per cent of the $42,000,000 necessary to build two new ships for the company. We imagine there is a moral in all this, but we can't think of anybody at the moment who would be edified by having it pointed out.

THE TURMOIL over sex information and birth control continues in New York and California. In New York, after Mary Ware Dennett had been fined $300, with the alternative of going to jail for 300 days, for sending her pamphlet, "The Sex Side of Life," through the mails, a distinguished committee headed by Roy W. Howard of the Scripps-Howard newspapers was formed to speak for her. Mrs. Dennett will carry her case, if necessary, to the United States Supreme Court. Meanwhile, when Margaret Sanger and her birth-control clinic were featured in the current-events reel of the Fox Movietone in certain New York talkies, Mrs. Thomas A. McGoldrick of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae protested. In her own words: "I called on them and said that Mrs. Sanger had to come off." Being a lady Mrs. McGoldrick was not kicked down stairs. Instead the Fox managers invited her to speak in the following week in reply to Mrs. Sanger, an offer which she declined. In California a mechanic named Carl Rave has been sent to the jail at Redwood City, San Mateo County, for three months for selling a copy of Mrs. Sanger's pamphlet, "Family Limitation." Although California has on its statute books a law against spreading contraceptive information, Mr. Rave was prosecuted and sentenced under the obscenity law in order to prevent an appeal to the higher courts. When Mr. Rave's conviction was announced, Mrs. Maria Bessanti, the wife of an Italian laborer, sent a letter to the Palo Alto *Times* in which she

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Minneapolis, Minnesota

related a story which contains much food for thought:

> When we had three little children we knew that we could not care for any more, and had to separate although we lived in the same house. As time went by our home life became more and more strained. My husband . . . brought the pamphlet home. Rave had written his name on it at my husband's request. Yes, it saved our family, and not ours alone for it traveled around the neighborhood.

OVERLOADING OF THE VESTRIS has been definitely established as at least a contributory cause of that vessel's foundering last November with a loss of 112 lives. The British Board of Trade inquiry into the sinking of the Vestris has elicited from Frank William Johnson, senior surviving officer of the foundered ship, an admission not only that he was aware of the overloading but that he was instructed by Captain Carey to modify the figures of the ship's draft which he inserted in the log. Mr. Johnson, while testifying in New York before United States Attorney Tuttle, denied overloading and declared himself unable to explain the sinking of the ship unless it was due to the unusually heavy weather. He explains the variance in his testimony by his desire to "be loyal to the company," and a disinclination to "be in those courts all the time in America." Worse than that, Second Officer Leslie Watson testified that, at a meeting held the day before the Tuttle inquiry, officials of the Lamport and Holt Line agreed with their lawyers that false evidence as to the vessel's draft was to be given if figures were asked for by Mr. Tuttle. This, of course, is sufficient answer to those critics of Mr. Tuttle who felt that his attitude toward certain of the witnesses in the Vestris inquiry was unnecessarily harsh. With respect to the overloading of the vessel, however, it must be remembered that if the Vestris was riding seven and a half inches below her loadline, as witnesses testify she was, that fact does not conflict with the regulations imposed by American shipping laws on ships leaving American ports. Loading below the Plimsoll line is contrary to British law only. From America another Vestris may sail tomorrow, may be on the high seas in a gale at this moment. Only if we come to a complete reconsideration of our laws regulating safety of life at sea can we profit by the tragedy of the disaster.

MARION TALLEY'S back-to-the-farm movement has won a distinguished recruit in the person of General Juan Vicente Gomez, President of Venezuela since 1908. When unanimously reelected to the Presidency by the Venezuelan Congress on May 4, General Gomez said he didn't want the job and intended to devote the rest of his life to agriculture. So while Miss Talley is directing warm streams of Jersey milk at a pail somewhere out in Missouri we presume General Gomez will be hoeing hot tamales, or whatever people eat in Venezuela. If we were in General Gomez's shoes we would surround our farm with three layers of barbed wire fences and hire a hundred gangsters to guard the gates, and then we wouldn't sleep well at night. For General Gomez has been a very lively tyrant in his day and it seems hardly possible that the families of murdered enemies will allow his seventy-two-year-old bones much peace. He has brought a certain kind of prosperity to himself and Venezuela by giving foreign oil companies what they wanted, and if he retires it will be as one of the richest men in South America, and only after naming a successor that he believes will carry out his orders. Like Porfirio Diaz in Mexico, he has paid little attention to the institutions of democracy when he has had an end in view. Free speech, free assembly, and a free press have been non-existent for so many years in Venezuela that political parties would scarcely know how to act if civil liberties were restored.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, the world's best-known sportsman, has announced that he will, for the fifth time, build a yacht to race for the America's Cup, the most famous international yachting trophy in existence. Four times Sir Thomas has entered a boat in the race, and has seen Shamrock I, Shamrock II, Shamrock III, and Shamrock IV defeated by a triumphant American vessel. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that the majority of persons interested in the last race, whether English or American, would have liked to see the Shamrock IV win. For a gallant gesture like that of its owner, who persists in taking his defeats as if they were victories, cannot fail to win the sympathy of everyone interested in sport. Nor does this mean that Sir Thomas holds the results lightly; in 1899, 1901, 1903, and finally in 1920—a race postponed by the European War from 1914—he has tried for the cup, and the fact that a challenger has not won one of the matches since the trophy was brought to this country in 1851 seemingly only whets Sir Thomas's appetite for more trials—and more probable defeats. The new race, it is hoped, will be held in 1930. May the best boat win if it is Sir Thomas's; and meanwhile let a toast be drunk to a gallant yachtsman in—owing to the unfortunate exigencies of our sumptuary legislation—a beverage which is not entirely unfamiliar to Sir Thomas, namely, tea.

IT IS SOOTHING to learn that the cafe in Havana which had inlaid its floor with United States silver dollars plucked them out rather than goad the local post of the American Legion into demanding war against Cuba. Yet it would have been an efficient war, since we could have dusted off the slogan of 1898, "Remember the Maine," and used it again merely by changing the last word so as to make the legend read: "Remember the Eagle." We don't know whether it was a feeling of sympathy for the eagle or devotion to the dollar that led the Legionnaires to protest, but they were dilatory in their manifestation, for a quarter of a century ago there was a famous resort on New York's East Side known as the Silver Dollar. Patriotism was in its swaddling clothes then and there were no protests from outside, but the management finally removed the silver dollars from the floor because thrifty patrons got the habit of kicking them loose when nobody was looking and desecrating the coins by putting them in their pants' pockets, eagle and all. A few weeks ago somebody in New York wanted to prosecute the barbers' union for its use of the eagle as an emblem. It would be rather a nuisance if this movement to prevent cruelty to the eagle should go too far. An old-established brand of condensed milk would have to be withdrawn from the market, the New York *Herald Tribune* would have to abandon the emblem on its front page, and the Republican Party would have to pick out a new symbol for us all to vote under. But perhaps the Democrats would proffer the other end of theirs.

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The Myth of a Free Press

RIGHT on the heels of the news of the purchase of a half interest in the Boston *Herald* and its evening edition, the *Traveler,* by the International Paper and Power Company comes an admission that the same corporation holds some $10,000,000 of the securities of twelve other newspapers. Testifying before the Federal Trade Commission, A. R. Graustein, president of the International, gave the names of the various newspapers in which his company had financial interests and the amount of money invested in each case. In his Washington letter on page 583 Paul Y. Anderson gives the names of the newspapers involved and the character and amount of their securities held by the Paper Trust. Mr. Graustein made his statement without hesitation or evasion and at least deserves credit for frankness. The *Editor and Publisher* prints the stenographic record of his testimony in its issue of May 4, and is to be congratulated on thus giving to the press the full details of the information imparted to the Federal Trade Commission.

Mr. Graustein was at great pains to point out before the Federal Trade Commission that in its newspaper investments, mostly of recent date, his company had no intention and no wish to influence editorial policy; such interference would be likely to hurt the properties. The sole idea was to obtain a market for paper. Owing to lower prices and curtailment of production, the company had faced a deficit of nearly $5,000,000 for the year 1928, he said, and the money which it put into newspapers was in return for contracts for paper from its mills.

There is something naive, almost pathetic, about Mr. Graustein's defense, sincere as it may well be. It is part of the childlike lack of understanding so commonly manifested by our business executives—the mental underdevelopment frequent among the so-called "super men" who dominate American industry. Control of editorial opinion is rarely direct or specific. The modern daily newspaper is a great industrial organism, and everything which enters into its financial sustenance has an effect upon its policies, editorial or otherwise. It is especially unfortunate, too, that interests involved in so controversial an issue as power should be closely aligned with the press. After the revelations of last year in regard to crooked power propaganda, the public will be ready to credit the interests in the background with almost any new infamy.

Yet it is as easy to overrate as to underestimate the significance of the recent disclosures. It is a glorious opportunity for the pot to call the kettle black, and we are witnessing some gorgeously hypocritical fireworks among the newspapers. In Boston, for instance, the rivals of the *Herald* and the *Traveler,* though not a whit more progressive or devoted to the public interest than the latter, are making a vast pother over the situation. The Hearst press, which is notoriously used to exploit the political and other interests of its owner, is among the shrillest of the shouters. A newspaper which has borrowed money from a bank may be just as rigidly lined up thereby against municipal operation of the city electric-light plant as if some of its securities were held by the International Paper and Power Company. It is only fair to say that, with the exception of the two Boston papers, the International nowhere has as much as half of the stock of any of the publications in which it is interested. Nor would we want the public to render too hasty or harsh a judgment against the newspapers of Frank E. Gannett which appear in the power company's list—the Brooklyn *Eagle,* the two publications in Albany, and the one in Ithaca. Mr. Gannett explains that when attempting some rather extensive financing last autumn he found conditions in the money market unfavorable for issuing securities to the public, and so fell back on an advantageous offer from the power company. Mr. Gannett's newspapers have, in fact, consistently favored the retention of power resources by the public, and we have no idea that they would have definitely altered that policy even if the International Paper and Power Company had been allowed to maintain its holdings in them. At the same time we are glad to record that as soon as he caught the drift of public condemnation of the Paper Trust's investments Mr. Gannett decided to get clear of the equivocal alliance and announced on May 4 that he had handed Mr. Graustein a check for $2,781,158.30 in exchange for securities in four of his newspapers held by the International Paper and Power Company. In a letter to Mr. Graustein Mr. Gannett said:

> We entered into this arrangement in good faith; it was a straightforward, entirely legitimate business transaction, mutually advantageous and desirable, which should not be questioned; but there has been criticism of the policy of your company holding even a minority interest in a newspaper. Without discussing that contention, I feel it is better to remove all possibility of a misinterpretation of the motive which actuated our relationship.

As for the public, it has always been too simple in its belief that newspapers are run, even partially, in its interest. Generally speaking, it may be laid down that a newspaper is never run in the public interest unless that happens also to be the publication's interest—which, fortunately, is sometimes the case. Rare indeed is the publication which lives on advertising or subscriptions, or both, and is more than partially free; and if it is a subsidized organ it has only such freedom as its subsidizers allow it. In general the freest newspapers are those which are the most successful from a business standpoint because they have to ask the fewest favors. It does not follow that such publications are the most progressive politically and economically. On the contrary, their owners are commonly identified with the most conservative, not to say reactionary, elements. For the daily paper, especially, has become so great a business enterprise that nobody can conduct one without making it part of the great industrial system round about. Expediency may dictate that it conduct its columns so as to catch the eye—and thus the pennies—of the poor and the exploited, but its industrial policies are apt to be closely attuned to the chamber of commerce and the manufacturers' association. A genuinely free press is perhaps impossible in a society which is tied to the profits system. It may become a reality if ever we realize a socialized cooperative commonwealth.

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Saintly Profiteering

TWO startling examples of the way in which churches and other tax-exempt organizations make large profits from rising land values in New York City have focused public attention upon the whole question of tax exemption. The Madison Avenue Methodist Church of New York made $650,000 by moving around the corner and selling its old site for an apartment house. Cooper Union owns the $9,000,000 plot of land on which the new sixty-eight-story Chrysler Building is being erected, but escapes taxation altogether under an educational charter granted by the New York Legislature in 1859. The Union's earnings from this one plot of land may reach $500,000 a year.

While the case of Cooper Union is exceptional, because nearly all churches and schools must pay taxes upon land which is used for business purposes, the practice of profit-making is quite common among churches in our growing cities. When a church has been located upon a choice down-town corner by the pioneers of a settlement and a great city has sprung up around it, the natural thing to do is to sell the downtown corner, move uptown where the members of the congregation live, and pocket the profits for endowment purposes. The Madison Avenue Methodist Church of New York is a tyro in this art of profit-making compared to many city churches. Three years ago Temple Emanu-El, one of the richest Jewish congregations of New York, realized a clear million dollars in profits in addition to a greatly improved plant by selling its land at the corner of Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue and moving twenty-two blocks up the avenue. The land upon which this temple formerly stood increased more than 500 per cent in value from 1900 to 1929, and sold for more than six millions. If the congregation had decided to relocate its plant in a less pretentious place, the surplus profit would have kept half a dozen synagogues running for all eternity. The tax assessment books of New York show that the Roman Catholic church could make $10,000,000 by selling St. Patrick's Cathedral and rebuilding upon a side street—and all of this $10,000,000 has been added by the community to the value of one plot of land on Fifth Avenue.

When we ask what the community can do to recapture this unearned increment upon land it is evident that no simple remedy is in sight. To tax all private institutions which are now tax exempt would be to destroy some of our most useful colleges, hospitals, and orphanages. To tax the profits of a tax-exempt institution without taxing its property would seem ludicrous, but the State may be forced to adopt such a policy.

As matters stand today under American law, the practice of tax exemption is confused and inconsistent. We have inherited our attitudes from those feudal days when the church was an arm of the state, established and protected by the nobility. According to that tradition, schools, orphanages, and hospitals escaped taxation because they were operated by the church. The first settlers in the American colonies brought the church and state as a legal unity. New England taxed its citizens for the salaries of Congregational preachers. South Carolina levied an annual assessment of five shillings upon all residents for the support of the church, and Virginia ruled that "the 20th calfe, the 20th Kid of goats, and the 20th Pigg" should go to the preacher. Although the Revolution brought disestablishment of the church, the practice of tax exemption continued because of inertia and organized religious opinion. Grant and Garfield demanded that all church property be taxed, but later Presidents have lacked the courage or conviction to discuss the subject.

The theoretical case for exempting schools, orphan-asylums, and hospitals from taxation is quite strong because they are performing functions which otherwise the state would be obliged to perform. The case for church exemption is weaker because religious practice is a private affair. In a country where church and state are officially separated it is difficult to see why churches should not pay some taxes. Tax exemption is a form of community endowment; when the members of a church fail to pay taxes upon their edifice it means that the rest of the community must pay taxes for them.

Would the taxation of churches be an ecclesiastical disaster? We think not. Hundreds of half-used churches would be closed if their members were compelled to pay taxes upon them, but the gains in efficiency and vigor among the remaining churches probably would outbalance that loss. Denominations divided by petty quarreling would be forced to unite or die. The appalling waste of space and utility in church equipment would give place to a regime of economy and use. The American church would avoid that creeping death of effortless income which has paralyzed the established church in England.

The British Election

WE are happy to give to our readers Mr. Hobson's admirable summary of the British election contest, which appears elsewhere in this issue. Despite the injection of the flapper vote, there appears to be general agreement as to the probable outcome—Labor will not have a clear majority and the Liberals will probably double their vote. That this will precipitate a very difficult and unhappy situation is plain. It seems almost unthinkable for Labor again to form a minority government, not merely because it will once more be in the position of functioning with a noose around its neck, but because it needs the full lifetime of a Parliament in order to develop its program and to progress in any degree toward the execution thereof. Yet the lure of office is so great that, as Mr. Hobson suggests, the chances are that Labor will try it again. There will be more Liberals to help Mr. MacDonald and a greater exasperation in their camp against the feebleness and the sterility of the Baldwin Government and its mismanagement of foreign affairs. Despite Sir Herbert Samuel's declaration that there will be no formal Liberal alliance with Labor, some kind of a working agreement may after all be reached.

Whoever takes office is not to be envied. The unemployment problem seems almost insoluble, despite Lloyd-George's ready promise to take care of all the non-earning workers by means of public works. The trade situation is enormously difficult in itself, and it is rendered more so by

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the fact that it is largely affected by foreign tariffs and other developments abroad. The naval disarmament problem needs frank and radical action by men of an absolutely different type from that of Bridgeman and Chamberlain. Indeed, it is when one touches the question of foreign affairs that the American liberal hopes that Mr. MacDonald may be brave and patriotic enough to run the risk of another brief regime. For whatever his mistakes—and there were some serious ones—it is undeniable that he changed the whole international atmosphere so far as Europe is concerned by his conduct of foreign affairs. It was he who first placed the hands of French statesmen in those of Germans, and beyond all question he created a spirit which led up to Locarno. Yet in being both Foreign Minister and Prime Minister he put upon himself burdens which it was impossible to carry.

Again, when it took office before, the Labor Party had no well-thought-out radical program ready to put into action. It is to be hoped that this situation has been remedied and that the committees which have been meeting from time to time in the last several years will have something definite to offer. Certainly another Labor administration which did not come out for some radical measures would probably be retired to the side lines for a long period of years. But this must not obscure the fact that the British Labor Party is today the best hope of the liberals in every country. So far as Anglo-Saxon peace is concerned, all American liberals must be hoping for Labor's success. More than any other its program points toward a warless world. We cannot imagine a better tonic for our tired liberals than to read the news of a formidable Labor gain, or—if that is possible—a Labor victory.

A Manual for Petters

THE Young Men's Christian Association has taken up sex in a serious way. For a whole year a Commission on Relations Between College Men and Women labored earnestly and it has just published a substantial pamphlet entitled "The Sex Life of Youth," which is apparently intended as a sort of vade mecum for members of the Flaming Generation. There are the usual unctuous chapters upon the mysteries of life, and there are a number of rather startlingly obvious statements like that which concedes that "sexual intercourse is the only means by which human beings can be created," but there are also some more advanced chapters including, for example, one which goes minutely into the distinctions between "light" and "heavy" petting. The Y. M. C. A. moves slowly, but evidently it is coming along.

In certain respects this highly decorous pamphlet is more significant as evidence of the change which has taken place in the attitude toward sex than any of the more confessedly radical treatments of the same subject, for it reveals very clearly how much even the ultra respectable are compelled to concede. A priori principles and uncompromising commandments are surprisingly few. Gone are all the thundering denunciations, and gone too is the tacit assumption that the whole duty of man consists in obedience to arbitrary rules. "The laws of God," said a distinguished Episcopalian bishop, "are to be obeyed, not debated," but so far at least as sex is concerned even the Y. M. C. A. no longer agrees with him. Its attitude is cautiously but none the less fundamentally experimental. It begins by asking what human beings do rather than what, according to some presumption or other, they ought to do, and it tacitly admits that morality is not something arbitrarily defined but merely a matter of humanly profitable manners. Sex, as well as the Sabbath, was made for man.

What equally conservative institution, even ten or fifteen years ago, would have conceded so much? What pamphlet, emanating from a similar source, would have admitted so many once godless theses, stressing, as this one does, the fact that the horrible results of auto-eroticism have been grotesquely exaggerated; arguing against the belief that sexual indulgence is legitimate only as a means of procreation; and warning its young readers that an excessive concern over the depravity of their fellows may very well be only an indirect expression of their own desires? But once one has gone this far it is difficult to see why one should not go a little further. Why, for instance, instead of resting content with the warning that those who succumb to impulse are likely to suffer from unwanted children and serious disease, should one not at least suggest that there are means whereby both dangers may be minimized? Is the counsel restrained only by fear of the postal laws or does it still remember enough of the old-fashioned attitude to believe that an occasional victim of the disgrace visited upon the unmarried mother and an occasional case of preventable syphilis are salutary warnings that Jehovah still punishes the breakers of His commandments—especially if they happen to be ignorant?

Indeed the chief defects of the pamphlet seem to arise out of a lingering conservatism. Its authors, like nearly all those members of the older generation who think they are keeping up with the younger, cannot move quite fast enough really to catch up with them. They seldom succeed in reaching a position without discovering to their embarrassment that it has already been abandoned. They insist upon explaining how the pollen is carried to adolescents already deep in Freud and they often seem quaint at the very moment when they tremble at their own daring. "The question for all thoughtful Youth," say our authors, "is: What type and degree of physical-emotional intimacy, if any, is advisable before the more definite mutual commitment of one man and one woman to each other in engagement? What types of relations minister to increased understanding, self-command, and enrichment, and what types lead to confusion and emotional difficulties?" These are grave and important questions. The only difficulty is that the only youths likely to consider them in this grave and formal way are youths so grave and formal by instinct that they do not really need to consider them at all. Doubtless it would be well if the giggle and the snicker could be removed from adolescent manifestations of sex, and the authors of "The Sex Life of Youth" have tried valiantly to remove them, but youth, even after reading the pamphlet, will continue to giggle and snicker. Perhaps the most successful treatment of the whole subject would have to admit that fact also. The adolescent giggle and snicker often cover up a wholesome curiosity and a deep embarrassment over not knowing more about the suddenly important mystery of life.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

WHEN Thomas Heflin, Jr., strolled off a boat all wrapped in exuberance there were no echoes in the Associated Press. And this I think raises an interesting question. Even perhaps a grave point. Let it be stated at the outset that the Associated Press was influenced by no consciously sinister motives. Indeed at the recent meeting in New York Josephus Daniels made a speech in which he congratulated all the members on the good taste and high moral scruples which the organization displayed in suppressing this tale of a dry Senator's son who came weaving his way into New York with loud cries to see Al Smith.

The newspaper owners and editors sat somewhat shamefacedly during these kind words of the gentleman from Raleigh. Mr. Ochs of the *Times,* who was close to the speaker, applauded tepidly. Kent Cooper, for the association, explained that he deserved no personal credit for the nice nosing amid the news. It was merely a routine matter to temper the special dispatches to the shorn lamb from Alabama. And yet in spite of mutual felicitations there was constraint until one visiting newspaperman rose to express the hope that the Associated Press would extend a similar courtesy to all country editors during their stay among the temptations of a great city. At this point the record might justifiably have contained the notation (laughter and applause).

The self-consciousness of the men in meeting may be explained upon the ground that most of the editors had not overlooked the Heflin story in spite of the A. P.'s failure to send it out. Mr. Ochs could hardly be expected to rise up on his hind legs and howl since his local staff in its customary competent way had covered the incident to the extent of a column and a half. And the disturbing factor in the whole business lies in the question as to whether a great news-gathering organization should exercise good taste in a paternalistic way for the protection of its members and the general public. Should there be a censorship department in the Associated Press? I think not.

There must, of course, be editing and selection for the sake of condensation, but in the case of a press association news is news no matter whom it hits. In all fairness some hint should be given of the case which the A. P. managers might make for themselves. I suppose they would say that no action of young Heflin was a matter of record in court or any other public place. They could add that a gentleman's gyrations are a subject of gossip suitable only for the tabloids. Yet it is doubtful if such a contention should stand up. If Tom Heflin's son says in the presence of reporters that he sees no reason why the citizens of a wet State should not drink I insist that this is news and first-page news at that. Perhaps it was reasonable for the A. P. to be a little more discreet than the metropolitan press in emphasizing the loud hilarity of the dry scion on the pier. It was a story to rejoice the Wets and sadden all the Methodists, but surely the Associated Press should be influenced by no such consideration. Very often it is wrong to visit the sins of the children upon the father, but even so a great news-disseminating artery cannot be clogged by moral generalizations.

Josephus Daniels said that suppression was a gentlemanly thing. If there is to be free flow of information through the land it should not be under the control of those who are finicky concerning facts. Many years ago during the Great War a newspaper friend of mine was wrothy because the A. P. failed to send out a story of a speech in Congress against conscription. When he made inquiry and complaint he was informed, he tells me, that the A. P. felt it was not a good thing to furnish to the public during a conflict in which the country's life was in danger. This, too, was wrong. It is vital that a press association should be concerned with the news, all the news, and nothing but the news.

Nevertheless, I could not entirely share my friend's indignation since it is inevitable that most excellent principles break down in time of war. But Tom Heflin, Jr., danced in the piping times of peace and I feel that the implications of this suppression are decidedly dangerous. As a reader I am in revolt against the whole school of newspaper thought embodied in the *Times* slogan of "All the news that's fit to print." Fit in whose eyes I want to know. Obviously a newspaper must couch its recital of events in language not offensive to post-office inspectors, but I can think of no happening which may not be conveyed to the public decently enough through some euphemism or other. And I rejoice that with the progress of the years newspaper language grows more full and frank. Hopefully I anticipate the day when a spade will no longer be referred to in the news columns as "a social disease."

As far as the *Times* goes I would like to testify that its judgment as to what is fit is generally wide enough to include all incidents of interest and importance. Its record during the Rhinelander trial, for instance, was excellent. Neither the *Graphic* nor the *Daily News* did any better. I cite this story since it seems to me typical of the evils which may arise through suppression on the ground of public good. The suit for annulment of a marriage because the young woman involved was of Negro extraction contained many racy details. Moralists in pulpits and on platforms spoke of the full reports as an example of the degradation of a cheap and sensational press. They seemed to overlook the implications of the story. If the court had decided to give young Rhinelander the relief which he demanded it would have practically set up throughout the United States a confirmation of the ban upon miscegenation established in the South. We need not be concerned at the moment as to whether such a principle would be good or bad, but surely it is important and in any vital happening the public has a right to know all even to the point where it is shocked and horrified.

There was nothing salacious in the tale of young Heflin and the effect of a sea voyage, but I do not look upon it as a trivial thing to be killed by any copy-reader functioning as a gentleman. If arrant hypocrisy stalks so close to the door of a leading prohibitionist the public has a right to know about it no matter whose good manners are tarnished in the telling.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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How to Live on Forty-six Cents a Day

By PAUL BLANSHARD

Greenville, South Carolina, April 30

GLADYS CALDWELL* met us at the door of her four-room cottage in the mill village. It was one of a row of dingy cottages out in Poinsett, across the meadows at the edge of Greenville, just beyond "nigger town." I had said to one of the strikers from the Poinsett cotton mill: "I want you to take me to one of your homes where a woman keeps the house going for the wages that most of you are getting. I would like to talk to a woman about washing and doctor bills and milk, and I want to see her house. Don't take me to a widow with five or six starving children: I can find such people in New York. What I want is the story of how you normal, strong people live on your average wages of $12 a week."

Gladys Caldwell invited us in. We sat by a tiny fireplace in her front room, which was also her bedroom. On the walls were a picture of Jesus and a calendar. In the room were a bed, a trunk, and a dresser; in the room opposite were a trunk and a bed; in the back corner room was a bed; in the kitchen were a table, a bench, and an oil stove. In the four rooms there were four chairs. The house had no plaster, no rugs, no heating stove.

As she talked Mrs. Caldwell was vivacious and eloquent, with flashing brown eyes and flashing white teeth. From time to time she spit snuff into the fireplace with perfect nonchalance and marksmanship. Her husband came in before we were through, a big, upstanding man, strong and steady-eyed. He is thirty, she is twenty-nine.

Here is Gladys Caldwell's story as it found its way into my notes.

* * * * *

Yes, I have a husband and five children. I'm a weaver, at least I work in the weave room fillin' batt'ries. I get paid by the day. No, I don't mind tellin' you about how I live. It's bad enough and we mill folks have stood enough without kickin'.

I get up at four to start breakfast for the children. When you got five young 'uns it takes a while to dress 'em. The oldest is nine and she helps a lot. The others are seven, five, four, and three. What do we have for breakfast? Well, we usually have bread and butter and syrup. No, we don't get any sweet milk. We get a gallon of buttermilk every day from Mrs. Rochester for twenty-five cents. The children like it; they don't take much to sweet milk. They ain't used to it.

After I've got the children dressed and fed I take 'em to the mill nursery, that is three of 'em. Two go to school, but after school they go to the nursery until I get home from the mill. The mill don't charge anythin' to keep the children there. I couldn't afford it anyway. We have breakfast about five, and I spend the rest of the time from five to seven gettin' the children ready and cleanin' up the house. That's about the only time I get to clean up. Ruby washes the dishes. Ruby is nine.

My husband and I go to the mill at seven. He's a stripper in the cardin' room and gets $12.85 a week, but that's partly because they don't let him work Saturday mornin'. They put this stretch-out system on him shore enough. You know he's runnin' four jobs ever since they put this stretch-out system on him and he ain't gettin' any more than he used to get for one. Where'd they put the other three men?—why they laid 'em off and they give him the same $12.85 he got before.

I work in the weavin' room and I get $1.80 a day. That's $9.95 a week for five and a half days. I work from seven to six with an hour for dinner. I run up and down the alleys all day. No, they ain't no chance to sit down, except once in a long time when my work's caught up, but that's almost never.

At noon I run home and get dinner for the seven of us. The children come home from school and the nursery. We have more to eat at noon. We have beans and baked sweets and bread and butter, and sometimes fat-back [fat bacon] and sometimes pie, if I get time to bake it. Of course I make my own bread.

It takes about $16 a week to feed us. We get nearly all of it at the company store with jay flaps. They are the slips that the company gives you for buying groceries with after you've worked all day. Then you can get your groceries right away and don't have to wait until the end of the week for your pay. If we didn't have 'em some of the people would starve before the end of the week shore enough. I get my butter from Mrs. Rochester. She sells it for fifty cents a pound and we use half a pound every other day.

After dinner I wash the dishes and run back to the mill. We don't have any sink but there's a faucet with runnin' water on the back porch and a regular toilet there, too. You can see we have electric lights, but we don't have any heatin' stove. I cook with an oil stove and we have these two fireplaces.

When the whistle blows at six I come home and get supper. Then I put the children to bed. There's a double bed here and a double bed in that other room and a double bed out in the back room. That's for seven of us. The baby's pretty young. I 'spose all of the children 'll go into the mills when they get a bit older. We'll need the money all right. Yes, my father and mother were mill workers, too, and they're still livin' and workin'. He gets $18 a week and my mother gets about $3 a week for workin' mornin's. There was four of us children in the family. My husband's father and mother worked in the mill, too.

We've moved five times since we was married—that's eleven years ago. It don't cost much to move when you move a little way. We ain't been outside of South Carolina. They ain't nothin' in movin' from one mill to another in the long run. When we moved here from Woodside, just over the fields there, it cost us $2.50 a load for the two loads.

I rode around right smart when I was single, but I ain't

* "Gladys Caldwell" is not the real name of the mill woman Mr. Blanshard interviewed. Otherwise her story is set down as she related it, the story of how a family of seven finds it possible to live on $22.80 a week or $.46 each per day.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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been on the train more than once a year since. My husband reads a book once in a while but I don't get time. I went through the third grade in school and then I went to work in the mill. I was nine years old when I started work at Number 4 in Pelzer. My husband didn't go to school neither but he managed to pick up readin' and he reads books. Yes, we take a paper.

When supper is over I have a chance to make the children's clothes. Yes, I make 'em all, and all my own clothes, too. I never buy a dress at a store. I haven't no sewin' machine but I borrow the use of one. On Saturday night I wash the children in a big wash-tub and heat the water on the oil stove. Then I do the week's ironin'. I send the washin' to the laundry. I just couldn't do that, too. It costs nearly $2 a week. Our rent in this house is only $1.30 a week for the four rooms and we get water and electric lights free.

I always make a coat last seven or eight years. My husband gets a suit every two years but he ain't had one for the last six years. He got an overcoat about four years ago. Things have been pretty hard. I like the movies but I haven't been to one in about six years now. Not since the children was young.

Maybe my children ought to get away from the mill village, but if they went anywhere they would go back to the farm and there ain't no use doin' that. The farmers haven't got it as good as we have.

I don't get time to go to church. My husband goes to the Methodist church. Most everybody goes to church here. Sunday's about the only day I get to rest any. Seems as if I just have to have a little rest then.

I press my husband's clothes. He half-soles the children's shoes and all our shoes. See those! Those soles on my shoes came from the dime store and cost twenty-five cents for the pair. He puts 'em on with tacks. I make a dress for myself about every six or seven months out of cloth I buy in town. It costs about twenty-five cents a yard.

We been lucky about sickness. The children ain't been sick at all for years. When the doctor comes he charges us $2.50 a visit, but right now that the strike is goin' on the doctors is callin' for nothin', and the barbers is cuttin' the men's hair for nothin'. They's pretty much with the strike.

There's one colored doctor over here but he don't come to see anybody. Some of the folks goes to see 'im for sores and such like. They say he's a herb doctor, but as fur as deliverin' babies is concerned I never heard of him deliverin' a white baby. Let's see, my babies cost $25 except the first one and that cost $30. 'Taint every doctor will do it for that. I never had any trouble. I worked up to two months before, mostly, an' I went back when the children was about four months old. The nursery'll take 'em when they're three weeks old. I had to hire a colored girl when the babies come. That cost $7 a week.

Birth control? What's that? . . . Oh! Sure, we'd be glad to have that if it didn't cost no money. Yes, that's my address.

Once I mashed my thumb in the mill. I was out for two months with it and I didn't get anythin'. I went to pull a loom and the handle on the lever slipped because the gear was too tight and it mashed my thumb. The company don't pay anythin' for a thing like that.

Usually I get to bed between ten and eleven at night.

The Crisis in British Politics

By JOHN A. HOBSON

London, April 30

THE three parties have already formed up in battle array for the general elections at the end of May, one of the most critical events in the political history of Great Britain. Each party has experienced grave difficulties in maintaining the appearance of unity and solidarity. The Conservatives were quite recently threatened with a revolt of their out and out protectionists, exasperated by the timidity of the Government's trivial policy of safeguarding. Labor has had its difficulty with the "socialism in our time" program of the active Independent Labor Party left wing. Liberalism for several years had been split, irretrievably as it appeared, by the active hostility of a powerful minority of Asquithians toward the leadership of Lloyd George. But all these rifts have been temporarily closed by urgent appeals for electioneering unity. Tory protectionists growl in a quiet undertone, I. L. P. members have taken the medicine administered at the party meeting, and Lord Grey, Mr. Runciman, and other dissident Liberals have given a formal, though doubtless reluctant, adhesion to the policy of the Liberal Association actively preached by Lloyd George and his lieutenant, Sir Herbert Samuel. In endeavoring to assess the electoral value of the several programs, it is necessary to realize the urgency of our economic situation. Though there are some slight signs of a trade recovery, the basic fact remains that for the past eight years we have been maintaining a body of unemployed workers varying from a million and a quarter to a million and a half, because there is no market for the goods they could produce. In other words, there is the most continuous trade depression of our history. It is generally attributed to the imperfect recovery of the foreign markets which we held before the war, and to the reduction of emigration. Tariffs have restricted foreign trade, foreign advances in manufacturing technique have made it more difficult for us to compete at a profit, and labor troubles, culminating in the General Strike of 1926, have heavily hampered our post-war recovery. In the party competition for unemployment remedies it might have been expected that Labor would take the lead. But for electioneering tactics none of our politicians is comparable to Lloyd George. He has been first in the field with a dramatic appeal in support of the slogan "We can conquer unemployment." Whereas the program adopted by Labor imbedded its unemployment policy in a general and elaborate scheme of socialistic administration, and the pettifogging devices of Toryism are robbed of plausibility by the fact that with nearly five years of office they have done nothing, a revived energetic Liberalism has made a brief intelligible set of proposals directed to the very

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center of our economic troubles. While the Labor remedy involved formidable measures of state socialism and increased taxation, Lloyd George only asks for public borrowing to be expended upon roads, housing, electrical and other development which will absorb labor in immediately productive activities, so stimulating the general industry of the country that the loans will involve no increased financial burden. Labor leaders charge George with stealing their thunder, while Conservative economists profess to be shocked by the dangerous inflation of a scheme which will imperil the public credit, while adding nothing to the general volume of employment. But George has secured the limelight, and is compelling his opponents to an attitude of criticism which impairs the electioneering efficacy of their position at a time when the public mind demands vivid constructive policies. Events move quickly on the eve of an election, and some of the immediate advantages got by the Liberal revivalists may disappear. But the fact remains that, whereas a year ago Liberalism was generally regarded as a doomed party, destined to early extinction, it has displayed a vigor and resourcefulness which, though it cannot by any possibility win a majority of seats at the election, may well give it a determinant voice in the policy of the next government.

For by common consent the large majority which Conservatism has held in the present House of Commons will disappear. By-elections have shown a consistently heavy loss in votes for the Government, and the official Conservative program, as recently sketched by Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill, can do nothing to offset the loss. There is nothing bold or inspiring in this policy. Though Mr. Churchill's budget speech was skilfully contrived and eloquently delivered, its substance was uninspiring. His "surplus," the products of raids and opportunist contrivances, was too patently allotted to conciliating special electoral interests. Its one popular item was the abolition of the duty upon tea, adopted to win women voters. The restive farmers were to be appeased by an immediate application of the derating measure passed this session for the relief of productive enterprise. The repeal of the betting tax was evidently designed to buy off the formidable opposition of the community of bookmakers which had declared open war upon the Government. More was expected from Mr. Churchill, and his failure caused a despondency in government circles, which the Prime Minister's following speech did nothing to alleviate. Mr. Baldwin evidently trusted to his derating policy to capture the imagination of the country. He stepped gingerly a little way down "safeguarding"—the primrose path toward protection—offered a few more trifling boons to agriculture, was prepared to do "something" for roads and slums and for the development of empire markets. It was, as he asserted, "a policy of sobriety and performance" as opposed to the wild promises of George and MacDonald—a really pitiable display of impotence at a critical moment when a new enlarged electorate is demanding courageous constructive statecraft.

There is no very wide discrepancy in the prophecies about the result of the election. Very few believe that the Government will be returned with a working, or indeed any, majority, though the Tories may still remain the largest of the three parties in Parliament. It is unlikely that after so heavy a rebuff in the country they could resume office, with the knowledge that at any moment they could be outvoted by the united vote of Labor and Liberals. It is, therefore, likely that Mr. MacDonald, the leader of the larger opposition party, will be called upon again to take office in a somewhat similar case to that of 1924. For it is extremely unlikely that the tide of victory in industrial constituencies can furnish Labor with an absolute majority. They have formulated no rural policy sufficiently vivid in its appeal to give them much chance in rural constituencies. They will largely increase their present strength, winning possibly a hundred seats. But the revival of Liberalism has to be taken into account, as a substantial diminution of their victory. Liberals, heavily underrepresented in the present House, where their members are about forty-five, may well come back with a doubling of their numbers, winning seats in the Western Counties, in some English and Scottish rural districts, and in a few city constituencies where their candidate has a strong personal appeal. But it is pretty certain that, if Labor takes office, it will, as in 1924, be dependent upon an unpledged Liberal support. No preelection arrangement is feasible and no coalition government. The party leaders repudiate the possibility of a closer agreed policy, even after an election where such agreement would secure a parliamentary majority. But agreement after all is an elastic term. If the Conservative majority is swept away at the polls, and Labor is invited to form a government dependent upon Liberal support, it will be very difficult for MacDonald to refuse. Though the situation would formally repeat 1924, the lesson of that year could hardly be lost. The program of the new Liberals, not only in foreign policy (where their agreement with Labor is virtually complete) but in the more immediate social and economic policy, as regards unemployment, education, developmental work, is so near to that of Labor as to raise no insuperable obstacles against a voluntary cooperation that might last for a considerable period. It might, of course, be destroyed at any time by the restive urgency of the left wing of Labor pressing for immediate nationalization of mines, railroads, banking, and other key industries, and would certainly be jeopardized by the additional surtax or other high revenue proposals in next year's budget. But, if Labor chose to achieve certain large constructive aims, for which they could rely on Liberal support, in preference to plunging the country into another early election on the chance of securing an independent majority, they might carry on for a considerable time without any substantial sacrifice of principles. For the old laissez-faire Liberalism has virtually disappeared, and the measures of public control over capital and industry to which the Liberal Party is committed are so essentially "socialistic" that only personal sentiments and party prejudices bar the way to this experiment in free cooperation.

To Samuel

By NANCY BYRD TURNER

"This Sunday, may God forgive me, I strung my lute"
—Pepys, in his "Diary"

That day you'd kicked the dog and kissed the maid,
Ogled your neighbor's wife and irked your own;
Then, because Beauty plucked your sleeve and prayed
One little melody for love alone,
Your temper into pious snivelings ran—
May God forgive you, Samuel, if He can!

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The Noble Paper and Power Trust

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, D. C., May 6

I HOPE to be pardoned for displaying a slight cynicism toward the astonishment and horror which newspaper editors and owners all over the country are now manifesting over the disclosure that the Power Trust has gone actively into the newspaper business by purchasing a tangible financial interest in fourteen American daily papers. It is true that every believer in a free press is entitled to feelings of wrath and dismay over this vicious development. But it is impossible to forget that scores of the same editors who now fill the air with their solemn warnings and recriminations have for nearly a year consistently suppressed or "played down" the news of the Power Trust's efforts to form and control public opinion, as they were revealed by the Federal Trade Commission's investigation. Where was their righteous wrath when the public utility companies were insinuating their pamphlets into the public schools in the guise of textbooks? What ailed their indignation when colleges, universities, and professors were being subsidized or intimidated? Where was their vigilance when the propaganda of the power companies against public ownership was being accepted and reprinted in their own columns as original news and editorial matter? How many of them rushed to the assistance of Senator Norris when he was battling, almost alone, to save the people's property at Muscle Shoals from the Power Trust? With some notable exceptions, the answer must be silence. Is it possible that the present awakening is inspired not so much by devotion to noble principles as by fear of competition in the field where their own profits are gleaned?

* * * * *

THE story related before the Federal Trade Commission by Archibald R. Graustein, president of the International Paper and Power Company, is shocking enough. Within the last year that corporation, which is in process of acquiring a monopoly on electric-power distribution in New England, has invested more than $8,000,000 in established newspapers, including some of the largest and most influential dailies in the country. Graustein's explanation was that the company desired to assure itself of a permanent market for the newsprint which it manufactures, and doubtless that consideration did enter into the purchases. But the extent to which other considerations entered may be inferred, I think, from three significant circumstances: First, during the last year only 25 per cent of the company's profits were derived from the sale of newsprint, and 54 per cent were derived from the sale of electric power, which indicates where its main interest lies. Second, many of the papers into which the company bought are situated in the field where it may be expected to expand its power interests. Third, the fact of the purchases was not announced either by the company or the affected papers, but remained a secret until disclosed as the result of outside inquiry. The salient facts elicited from Graustein may be summarized. In addition to buying large blocks of securities in individual newspapers, the International Paper and Power Company loaned large sums to Frank E. Gannett, who owns a chain of seventeen daily papers, and to the Bryan-Thomason syndicate, which owns a smaller chain. It participated in an offer of $20,000,000 for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* and is continuing negotiations for others whose names are undisclosed.

* * * * *

THE newspapers which thus sold themselves in part to a great public-utility corporation comprise what, with apologies to Ring Lardner, I have jokingly nicknamed "The Honor Roll." Their names, and the extent to which they or their securities were sold to the International Paper and Power, follow:

Chicago *Daily News*—$250,000 of preferred stock and 5,000 shares of common.

Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* (a Gannett paper)—$1,954,000 in notes and 400 shares of common stock.

Albany *Knickerbocker Press* and Albany *Evening News* (Gannett papers)—$450,000 in preferred stock and 3,000 shares of common.

Ithaca *Journal-News* (a Gannett paper)—$300,000 in notes.

Boston *Herald* and Boston *Traveler*—5,124 shares of common stock, purchased for $2,690,100.

Chicago *Journal,* Tampa *Tribune,* and Greensboro (North Carolina) *Record,* all published by the Bryan-Thomason corporation, of which the International Paper and Power owns $1,000,000 in debentures and $600,000 in preferred stock; also 10,000 shares of the common stock of the *Journal* itself.

Augusta (Georgia) *Chronicle,* Columbia (South Carolina) *Record,* Spartanburg (South Carolina) *Herald* and Spartanburg *Journal,* all published by Harold Hall and William La Varre, whose notes for $855,000 are held by International Paper and Power.

Now isn't that a dainty dish to set before the public? It would be bad enough, in all conscience, if the effect of these transactions was simply to make these newspapers convenient dumping places for so much newsprint. In the case of the International Paper and Power Company power is the principal product and newsprint is a sideline. If its financial interest in these papers was sufficient to persuade them to buy newsprint from the I. P. and P. which they could purchase cheaper elsewhere, to what extent will it be able to influence their editorial policies toward that company's activity in the public-utility field! It seems to me the question answers itself. The comparative regard in which these papers hold principles and profits was sufficiently demonstrated when they permitted a public-utility corporation to buy their securities. That they have not all lost their sense of shame was demonstrated, however, when Mr. Gannett, within a week after the disclosures, hastily repurchased all the securities which he had sold to the I. P. and P. To that extent he appears in a better light than the others.

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A MAJORITY of the Senate Judiciary Committee is in process, as this is written, of arriving at the solemn conclusion that Andrew W. Mellon is not "interested, directly or indirectly, in carrying on the business of trade or commerce," and hence is eligible under the law to hold office as Secretary of the Treasury. It will be admitted, since it must be, that Mr. Mellon and his family are virtually the sole owners of the Aluminum Company of America and the Gulf Refining Company, two of the largest manufacturing concerns in the United States. It will be admitted, since Mr. Mellon has already admitted it, that he is financially interested in more than sixty banks and corporations engaged in almost every conceivable form of trade and commerce. It will be admitted, since it is definitely known, that he has taken an active interest and physical participation in the affairs of some of these corporations while serving in the Cabinet. Nevertheless, it will be the reasoned judgment of a majority of the committee and of the Senate itself, that this does not disqualify him under the federal statute which expressly and in the most sweeping language bars that office to any man who is directly or indirectly interested in trade or commerce! When I speak of the Senators arriving at this conclusion, I use the words advisedly. It has been perfectly obvious since the "secret" hearings of the committee began that a majority of them started with the conclusion, and that their real task lay in finding a road by which they could "arrive" at it. The plain intent and explicit language of the law made this a real job, and some of them, notably Senators Steiwer of Oregon, Robinson of Indiana, and the faithful Dave Reed of Pennsylvania, have sweated manfully at it.

* * * * *

OF course, everyone with sufficient education to read has known for eight years that Mr. Mellon was holding office in plain violation of the statute, and that makes the Senators' struggle all the more interesting. What interests me particularly, however, is the present condition of Mr. Mellon's reputation for truth and veracity, which has been called in question by two documents containing statements by the hallowed Secretary which appear, on their face, to be contradictory. When the hearings opened, the Secretary's personal Senator, Mr. Reed, appeared and submitted a letter in which Mr. Mellon not only reiterated that he had, upon entering the Cabinet, resigned all corporate offices and directorates, but had so completely withdrawn from all connection with his business enterprises that the situation was "the same as if I had died." Within a week Senator Walsh of Montana produced a deposition given by Mr. Mellon in 1925 in which he told of participating in a series of conferences which decided the terms of an important business deal between the Aluminum Company of America and the interests headed by the late James B. Duke. The object was the purchase of a power site in Canada, and Secretary Mellon admitted not only that the officers and attorneys of the companies came to Washington and discussed it with him at great length, but that he afterward accompanied them on a trip to Canada where the site was inspected and the contract finally signed. Such activity on the part of a man who "had died" would be, to say the least, remarkable, if not unprecedented. As usual, the duty of reconciling the letter with the deposition probably will fall on poor Senator Reed, and I am curious to see how he will go about it. The job looks worse than that of reconciling the Secretary's business interests with the eligibility statute. As a matter of fact, the wisdom of the statute has never been more signally demonstrated than in Mellon's own case. The reasons why no man should be in a government position where he or his subordinates can make official decisions deeply affecting his own pocket-book or the pocket-books of his associates and his competitors, are obvious. Scandal is bound to follow, and during Mellon's term it has seldom been absent.

* * * * *

SOCIAL feuds continue to agitate the atmosphere of the capital, and one of them is held responsible for a singularly offensive attack recently made on Belgian Ambassador De Ligne in the editorial columns of Ned McLean's Washington *Post*. The singularity of its offense consisted in its attempt to show that Ambassador De Ligne was not in the good graces of the United States Government—a baseless assertion which Secretary Stimson promptly and wrathfully repudiated. Washington has long been familiar with the extraordinary gusto with which the famous publisher enters into social events. M. De Ligne, being a stranger, apparently was not—hence the Washington *Post's* savage discovery of his "ineptitude" as an Ambassador to this country. Mr. Hoover showed how he felt about it by promptly inviting the Ambassador to dinner with him at the White House.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter finds himself, in the first days of May, a solitary guest on an old New England farm. Fortunately it has been rescued from neglect and restored with loving intelligence to its former beauty. It lies on the western slope of a little valley, and between the hills that circle the valley long vistas end in dim blue mountains. Stone-walled meadows rise behind the house. Red and white, black and white cows move slowly, cropping the new green grass between twisted old apple trees that are soon to bloom again, incredibly. In the years since the white house was built, nature has made it her own. There is not a straight line anywhere; there are little bulgings and saggings; it has "settled" into its background until it is as irregular and indigenous as the old elms and maples that bend over it. On a bright May morning it stands in the green grass like a wistful white-haired old lady preoccupied with grateful memories.

* * * * *

THE Drifter spends his days in a pleasant halfway state between the present and the past. He wanders quietly about the old house. It is full of ghosts, pleasant ghosts. A Boston rocker fills him with strange fancies. Two queer dogs gaze at a pine tree at his feet, all of them hooked into a rug a hundred years ago. A wall board thirty inches wide tells him a tale of deep forests and great trees that have long since disappeared. He loves the musty smell of old wood that gathers in closets seldom opened. Hand-hammered iron latches are good to the touch, and the workmanship in old mantels is a constant wonder.

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AT dusk the Drifter goes to watch the milking. He likes the comfortable smell of barns and the sleepy rhythm of milk shooting into pails. He likes also to watch the big black cat with the Strange Habit who lives in the barn and is also interested in the milking. She drinks her supper in the normal fashion at first, but as the supply diminishes she dips a dainty paw into the pan and licks the paw.

* * * * *

AND finally the Drifter comes in to a blazing fire and a quiet evening. And he realizes that the big chimney is the heart of an old house. A blaze in what was once the kitchen fireplace, where the big kettle still hangs from its massive crane, is tangible warm proof of the continuity of life and the briefness of its generations. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Secretary Davis

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No President can be immune to the discussion of or criticism of his Cabinet appointments; and no member of the Cabinet can expect to be free from personal criticism, not only upon his official acts but also upon his character. On the other hand, no periodical can express opinions upon public officers without accountability to public sentiment and decent regard for established reputations.

In your leader, The Inaugural and the Cabinet, in the issue of March 13, 1929, I observe three references to James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor. (1) You leave it to be understood by inference that you include him in the small list of Cabinet officers who, in your opinion, are "widely known outside of the boundaries of their States." (2) You speak of him as one of the two men held over from Mr. Coolidge's regime "who are among the least desirable"; and seem to include him in your category of "political henchmen." (3) You make the snap of your whip the following criticism: "Regrettable is the retention of Secretary Davis, one of the narrowest of immigration restrictionists, a representative of labor who while in the Cabinet has raised great sums, partly because of his governmental prestige, for a fraternal order."

The slur upon the Secretary's relation to a fraternal order is an injustice of a type for which *The Nation* has always been culpable. It is not clear why *The Nation* considers the "great sums he has raised" to be censurable; but it is perfectly true that in the last fifteen years the Loyal Order of Moose, of which he is the head and guiding spirit, has raised perhaps $10,000,000; but for what personal or corrupt purpose? As the founder and organizer of the order, Mr. Davis has received an income known to and approved by the representatives of the 600,000 persons who compose that order. But the $10,000,000 mentioned above is the free-will offering of the order for the support of the flourishing institution of Mooseheart, near Chicago; for the education and training of boys and girls; for the support (under intelligent supervision) of boys and girls in their own homes; and for the maintenance of aged men and women who would otherwise have a poor chance. The institution of Mooseheart is not only a place of refuge for otherwise destitute children of former members of the Moose who are either actually or economically dead, but the large sums applied to Mooseheart Service for children in their homes, and for the wives of dead members, form a notable charity. Likewise, the care of old men, together with their wives, under suitable conditions of outdoor life, is a benefit of which no one in or out of the Cabinet could have any reason to be ashamed, and which in no way interferes with Mr. Davis's great services in the Department of Labor.

This is not the whole story. From the beginning of these three splendid charities it has been in Mr. Davis's mind that the proper care of the children of Moosedom was a national service, because it showed how other children could be cared for and educated. Mr. Davis's published principle: "A High School Education and a Trade for Every Boy and Girl" means that every graduate of Mooseheart (boy or girl) carries with him a previous training in a field of endeavor in which an honorable living can be made. The so-called "Mooseheart Service" for children at home is one of the best-conducted charities in the world. It maintains the self-respect of the mother; it takes into account the various items of other financial aid available; it engages skilled social workers throughout the country. The old men's home at Moosehaven, Florida, is a lesson to the whole country of rational humane treatment of old dependent people.

Cambridge, Mass., April 11 ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

[With all respect to Professor Hart we still hold, among other things, that it is grossly improper for a Cabinet officer to solicit funds for any charity, however worthy, on stationery indicating that the request comes from the Secretary of Labor.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Relief for Textile Strikers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief has issued a national appeal to help the textile strikers in Elizabethton, Tennessee, Gastonia, North Carolina, and Greenville, South Carolina. The facts about these strikes have already been presented to *Nation* readers. The need is great and immediate. The treasurer of the committee is Forrest Bailey, Room 931, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

New York, May 7 NORMAN THOMAS, Chairman

Michael Gold Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Max Eastman tells your readers in the issue of May 1 that his Trotzky articles were suppressed by the editors of the *New Masses,* "dominated" by myself. Max has lost his sense of reality. He must have been present at some of the meetings of the editorial board. There were about fifteen editors. Each was as individualistic as a movie star. I did not "dominate" that den of ravenous liberal tigers. The board voted against running Max's Trotzky articles any longer because they felt it was not fair to the magazine, which was not intended to be anything but an experimental place for the young social writers and satirists of America. The magazine has never printed any political articles defending the Communist Party against Trotzky. There is no earthly reason why it should have printed a series of articles upholding him.

I am not a Trotzkyite. Neither are most of the writers and artists on the *New Masses.* But none of us has used the magazine for stating his position.

All social idealism has been quite destroyed in young America. It has been killed by Mencken, the stock market, prohibition, and other well-known causes. We are fighting this new bourgeois nihilism. It is enough work for one poverty-stricken little magazine.

New York, May 1 MICHAEL GOLD

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The Bitter Renders

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Leslie A. Adams's attack on your solar plexus with the black-jack of the *New Masses* recalls an evening at my home when a fledgling author turned to Mike Gold for advice on the play he was writing. Without bothering to hear the theme, the editor of the *New Masses* vehemently ejaculated: "Make it bitter, make it bitter!"

Admitting that what *The Nation* needs is more crusading and less "alarming," one may still be grateful that its tone is devoid of that wholesale and hysterical bitterness which breeds antagonism without carrying conviction. After observing the impression made on America by the bitter renders it seems more obvious than ever that whatever progress is made will be inspired by those who have sense enough to compass its failings, social, political, and aesthetic, and also compassion enough to sense the pathos of the average American—that simple soul befuddled by its liberal principles, conservative instincts, and radical bogys.

New York, April 11 Johan Smertenko

The Polish Bridge

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been drawn to an article, Polish Vandalism, by Max Bahr, in your issue of April 3. While I cannot take issue, of course, with any opinions expressed by this noted German writer, in fairness to your readers and to Poland I should like to point out a number of glaring departures from easily ascertained facts.

The bridge in question was constructed by the German Government in 1909 as a double-track railway bridge with provision for one-way vehicular traffic, its importance then being exclusively strategic, to allow for a German offensive through East Prussia and the Marienwerder Fortress in the direction of Russia. When Poland regained Pomerania there was no necessity for railway communication over this bridge and Germany never asked for it.

As shown by official custom-house figures, the daily freight traffic over this bridge averages five wagon loads of timber destined for a saw-mill in East Prussia. As for the passenger traffic, from January 1 to June 30, 1927, the average daily number of persons passing over this bridge was thirty-eight, and when it is realized that this is border traffic and that each person therefore used the bridge twice, the average number of persons using the bridge daily amounted to just nineteen. The bridge at the present time would cost 33,500,000 zlotys to construct in its original state, and allowing for depreciation it would represent a capital outlay of more than 26,000,000 zlotys. Figuring 5 per cent as a conservative return on the investment, it would mean that each passenger using the bridge did so at a cost of 232 zlotys or $22 to the Government.

In view of these facts the Polish Government decided to organize a ferry service as a substitute for the bridge, as such a ferry can handle the very small traffic at this point. The bridge is not being destroyed, but will be moved up the river to Torun where the great bulk of trans-Vistula traffic is found. At Torun it will supplement the existing bridge which connects the city with a railway station on the opposite bank. Traffic at Opalenie (Münsterwalde) will not be interrupted for a single day. To guard against interruption in the relatively rare instances when floating ice or high waters would interrupt traffic, passengers will be carried across by a steam ferry and freight by galleys attached to this ferry.

In view of these facts it is somewhat difficult, I should think, for anyone to see in the removal of the bridge at Opalenie any "menace to the peace of Europe," or a hellish design on the part of Poland "for the purpose of obstructing or annihilating intercourse between German East Prussia" and Poland.

New York, April 17 Albert Morawski-Nawench

Help British Labor

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am reliably informed that the British Labor Party is handicapped by lack of funds in the coming General Election. The Trade Unions and Trades Dispute Act passed last year by the Baldwin Government has resulted in a serious curtailment of the party's income from trade-union dues, and the British workers are generally very poor.

I believe that nothing is more important at this time for the progress and peace of the world than the success of the Labor Party in the coming election and its possible return to the government, and I know that a large number of progressive Americans outside of the Socialist Party feel the same way about it. In behalf of a small group of sympathizers, I have recently sent a modest contribution to the war chest of the Labor Party, which has been very gratefully accepted. I feel certain that many of your readers will be glad to give what they can for the good cause. Contributions may be sent directly to the Labor Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, or if they are sent to me, I shall transmit them by cable as fast as received.

New York, May 1 Morris Hillquit,
19 West 44th Street

Don't Miss

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by Sinclair Lewis

That this is the most interesting, the keenest, and the most important *book that Sinclair Lewis has written is the consensus of the American and English press.*

FORD MADOX FORD: "The final impression is one of a sort of solidarity of mankind from Altoona to the Adriatic and back. And that is a great achievement."—*Bookman.*

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—*Book Review.*

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Books and Plays

Foreshadowings

(To a Lady of Quality)

By ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE

Three sheep there were, bell-wethers to the rout
  In frenzied Boston running to and fro.
  One was your fellow-guest, a year ago,
While Rumor buzzed about them and about.
You found him "charming." Now you seem to doubt;
  "Did I say *that?*" . . . Ah, dearest, waters flow
  (Even the sullen Charles!). Relentless, slow,
The unhasting heavens wear the mountains out.

Most miserably have these betrayed their trust;
  Therefore, yet living, may they feel the whips
  Wherewith the god they serve requites his slaves!
Their sapient wisdoms known for chaff and dust,
  The world's derision bitter on their lips,
  Let them go down to their unhonored graves!

King Hal—More Than Bluff

Henry the Eighth. By Francis Hackett. Horace Liveright. $3.
King Henry the Rake. By Clement Wood. The Stratford Company. $3.50.

EVERYBODY knows, in a general sort of way, that King Henry VIII had a half-dozen wives and an indeterminate number of mistresses. Everybody also knows, after a fashion, that his reign was marked by a terrific outpouring of national energy on a scale hitherto unparelleled in English history. And finally, everybody has seen copies of Holbein's portrait of Henry: the huge, bulging, beefy face, whose every lineament bespeaks corruption, massive force, and bull-like physical energy, has become part of the inheritance of every schoolboy and schoolgirl. Some few also know that Henry was more than a mere gladiatorial champion in the stern lists of individual combat, war, and the hunting field, as well as in the lists of lawful and illicit love. They realize that during his comparatively long reign political and religious matters of incalculable import arose, and were settled sometimes with crude brute force and sometimes with surpassingly sly craft by the bloated, dropsical, foul-mouthed mountain of flesh whose pig-like eyes and heavily bewhiskered jowl form the apex of that gorgeously jeweled robe of ermine in which Holbein's masterly brush swathed the royal form. Precisely what further details have Messrs. Hackett and Wood added to the picture, and to what extent have they succeeded?

In the case of Mr. Wood the answer is simple. Writing for an audience whose intellectual capacity is on par with that of school-children, he has merely emphasized what school-children already knew—or guessed. In a roaring, ripsnorting, catapulting prose that is intended to recreate the brash and unashamedly lecherous atmosphere of the time, throughout some three hundred lurid pages he has striven to make blood bloodier and smut smuttier than they were, and has succeeded only in becoming interminably heavy-handed and dull. Perhaps his single-mindedness of purpose is commendable; in all other particulars his biography, scholastically speaking, rates from D— to F.

Mr. Hackett is a writer of far different stamp. To the high task on which he has labored for six years he brought a number of virtues of varying merit: an indefatigable zest for work, a shrewd, biting sense of historical and biographical values all too rare in these days of biographical fiction, a markedly successful career in journalism that taught him every trick of vivid writing, and an incandescent Celtic imagination. How well has he managed to coalesce these ingredients in his book?

There can be little doubt that he has chewed, swallowed, and digested every fact of importance. "I have invented no dialogue," he writes; and he adds that "no vividness excuses infidelity to the facts." A terse and powerful summarizing chapter indicates the breadth and sanity of his historical knowledge, and every page gives evidence of the careful assorting and handling of all ascertainable data—data that are used with no particular bias except a bias for truth. Unlike Mr. Wood, he comprehends that Henry, in the much-bruited matter of his uxorial experiments, was moved more by dynastic than sexual considerations. Structurally viewed, his book follows the best traditions of English biography, with but an occasional leaning toward the highly questionable—because untested by time—immediacy of present-day biographical devices. He knows his Freud, he knows about the "psychography" of Mr. Bradford, he knows the whole brood of fictionizing biographers, and he wisely distrusts them all. Briefly, he is not a lopsided litterateur.

As for his journalistic training and his exotic imagination, they are at once his forte and his weakness. At times his style is tight and crisp. Henry's hands are shown "broken out in jewels"; in his crafty old age he "gathered himself into the eight-legged ingenuity that he had inherited from his spider of a father"; and England herself, thanks to Henry's canniness and financial liberality toward the army and navy, "quilled like a porcupine at the mere smell of a Frenchman." Such writing is more than vivid; it succinctly combines imagination with historical truth. Some of his compact characterizations of minor Elizabethans are little masterpieces in cameo. But journalism sometimes overpowers him. He is too fond of making verbs serve the function of adverbs or indeed of whole phrases and clauses. "'I shall go into Italy,' he [the Emperor Charles] menaced later"; and, "'I do not know for certain,' Henry's white eyelashes reproved." Again, he is often speciously clever. "The ceremony [Prince Arthur's marriage to Catherine of Aragon] was everything that man could desire. It began at St. Paul's and ended in the bed." The ever opportunistic Cardinal Wolsey "would have declared her [Anne Boleyn] a virgin or the mother of twins, as it chanced to suit the occasion." At other times Mr. Hackett's lush imagination runs away with him:

> Like monsters on whose heaving backs two rival pagodas had been reared, this King and Queen [Henry and Anne] were to affront one another, freighted with toppling towers. But the battle of Henry's conscientious scruples went beyond the normal. It became an edifice of figment erected tier on tier with the intention of supporting his cause and giving his arquebus the chance to sweep his enemy.

One likes him far better, because his imagination is dynamic and interpretative, when he writes thus of London as it was immediately after the funeral of Henry the Seventh:

> Gradually in the distant thoroughfares under Tower Hill and near the Thames the spring twilight resumed its peace and these streets lay pensive in emptiness. A fresh air came from the meadows of Finsbury. The evening light, a dim blue crystal, bathed once again the de-

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> serted houses. Blue shadows washed the black-beamed walls. A star rose over a thatched roof. At St. Paul's they would be praying. Tomorrow at Westminster the great officers of state would break their white wands and cast them into Henry's grave. . . . And when all the kings were buried, the month of May would still come of an evening and whisper eternity in a London street.

Mr. Hackett's book lacks the nice proportion between fact and imagination, the rigidly condensed yet luminously clear presentation of data, and the exquisite harmony of style that are revealed in "Elizabeth and Essex"; but that is the only biography of the year which should be ranked superior to "Henry the Eighth."

R. F. DIBBLE

Lynching, an American Pastime

Rope and Faggot. A Biography of Judge Lynch. By Walter White. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

JUDGE LYNCH is one of our worst characters. He is dangerous and abhorrent, and, except by a few persons under the sway of violent emotion, his undesirable nature is generally recognized. The usual feeling about him, however, is relatively detached, for few have ever had first-hand contact with him. It is not unreasonable to say that he will be dislodged from the position he occupies only when we arouse in this majority a revulsion of feeling by exposing him in all his brutality and savagery. We therefore wonder if Mr. White's restrained treatment of his theme meets the purpose of his book.

Certainly no one is more competent than Mr. White to tell of the phenomenon of lynching, especially when it has to do with Negroes. As the Field Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People he has, with incredible bravery and utter disregard for consequences of the gravest nature, investigated lynching after lynching. In his reports and in one of his novels he has given the theme the stark treatment it deserves, making his reader blaze with indignation at the sheer barbarity he describes. But in this book there is relatively little of the passionate protest for which we hope. There is, rather, a calm, measured analysis which, while convincing, is obviously not Mr. White's forte. And the book he has produced suffers because of his academic approach. I realize that had Mr. White written with the feeling of which he is capable he would be condemned by some for not being sufficiently dispassionate. Yet Judge Lynch is a ruffian, and is not to be handled with kid gloves.

The book, therefore, must be discussed as an analytical treatment of lynching rather than as an emotional protest against it. And as such it has many excellent pages. The second chapter, which treats of the extent to which lynching occurs, is most revealing, and cites several striking cases. Taken in connection with the statistical appendix it affords a mine of factual material for those who wish to know the facts. The consideration of the relation between lynching and its economic background is a demonstration of the grasp of the subject which Mr. White possesses. The chapter entitled The Price of Lynching is another of the brilliant sections which this work contains. And the digest of what has been done to stem the tide of lynching through legal enactment is readable and useful. Nor does Mr. White end on a false note of optimism. He is, above all, a realist, and he is sufficiently tough-minded to face the situation in all its grayness of outlook.

Some of the reasoning in other chapters, I must confess, I cannot follow. I do not believe that a statement such as this can be substantiated: "It is exceedingly doubtful if lynching could possibly exist under any other religion than Christianity." If this hypothesis can be maintained it should hold true at least for all Christian sects, and not only for the Baptists and Methodists, as Mr. White claims. This statement, the thesis of an entire chapter, seems to me to be too simplisistic to be acceptable, and to this extent it weakens the general argument of the book. In a similar way the chapter in which Judge Lynch is psychoanalyzed seems to me to contain a theoretical approach which is pushed much farther than our present knowledge allows. That there is a sex element present in the sadistic performances with which those who have gone into the accounts of lynchings are familiar, must be admitted; but to make this a basic cause throws the picture out of focus.

The chapter which is entitled Science, Nordicism, and Lynching, I think is ill-advised. For one thing, too much old material is rehandled. Must one read again of Bean's study of brain-weight of Negroes and whites and Mall's refutation of it? Must the army psychological tests once more be refuted? These have been discussed so often that I do not see that they need be repeated here, where they are literally brought in by main force and where they have little to do with the main subject of the book. If Mr. White wished to discuss theories of racial inferiority and superiority, he should have found at least some of the fresh work that has recently been done. Instead, he has relied on frayed secondary sources and, as a result, gives us only these well-worn accounts.

However, Mr. White does not claim to be an expert in the fields of religious psychology, psychoanalysis, or comparative anatomy. He has fought too courageously and too intelligently against Judge Lynch for us to carp at him for these chapters in his book. There is in it much considered presentation of the highest order; there are many facts which we all should know; and there is a point of view that is healthy, sane, and desirable. One only hopes that Mr. White's next contribution will be a series of case studies of the lynchings of which he personally knows, which, presented in his excellent style, in all their gruesomeness, will shock us into action rather than make us calmly reasonable.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

"La France Innocente"

The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré (1913-1914). Translated and Adapted by Sir George Arthur. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

THE present reviewer analyzed the first volume of the English version of M. Poincaré's memoirs in *The Nation* for June 15, 1927. The second volume in English is a paraphrase and translation of essentially the third and fourth volumes of the French edition, "L'Europe sous les armes" and "L'Union sacrée." Fortunately for students of war guilt, the translator has not condensed to any marked degree the section on the crisis of 1914 and we have for the most part a faithful translation of the French text. While some writers have taken the third and fourth volumes of Poincaré's memoirs with some seriousness as solemn historical material, there is no change in method as between these and the first two volumes, or his lectures on "The Origins of the War," for that matter. Applied specifically to a consideration of responsibility for the World War, his technique consists essentially in concentrating upon a grossly exaggerated and distorted version of Austro-German policy and then expanding lyrically on the theme of "la France innocente."

One may illustrate M. Poincaré's procedure by reference

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to his treatment of certain crucial matters. He is, of course, troubled by the charge of the bribery of the French papers by Russia. He refers with heat to a letter which I cited in my "Genesis of the World War" purporting to be a request from Izvolski to Sazonov for more money. In it is a statement that Herriot, Caillaux, and Painlevé are members of the Radical Socialist Party opposed to war. Poincaré inserts his own name in the place of Painlevé and then tries to discredit the letter by showing that he was not a member of the Radical Socialist Party. As a matter of fact, the letter in question is a forgery, though M. Poincaré is not aware of the fact. It was published under excellent auspices and was regarded as genuine by even so distinguished an historian as Hans Delbrück. At the first suggestion of its lack of authenticity the reviewer got into touch with Professor Adamov, chief of the division of archives at Moscow, and requested the facts. Professor Adamov stated that he believed it to be a forgery—a sort of composite of several extant and authentic communications in no way misrepresenting the facts aside from increasing the sum of money requested from Sazonov. In all subsequent editions of my book I have omitted this letter and called attention to the lack of authenticity. It is significant that Poincaré does not dare to question the equally damaging material on the same subject in the carefully dated and numbered letters and telegrams which I have used from the Stieve collection.

Even more revelatory is Poincaré's handling of the forged telegrams in the French "Yellow Book." In his first book on the outbreak of the World War, "Lectures on the Origins of the War," published in 1921, M. Poincaré wittingly used as authentic the gross forgeries in the "Yellow Book," especially telegrams Numbers 115 and 118. Georges Demartial in his "Evangile du Quai d'Orsay" proved these to be the worst forgeries in any of the color books issued by the various governments in 1914-1915. Poincaré has thus been compelled to cite the original texts, but he nowhere hints that he consciously used forged documents in 1921, nor does he explain why he has used a different version in 1927. He could not well have done this, for it would have completely exposed the weakness of the French case. As Professor Fay cogently remarks in his "Origins of the World War":

> That the officials of the French Foreign Office who edited the "Yellow Book" in 1914 should have thought it necessary to resort to such a deliberate distortion of the truth suggests that they were conscious of how fatal Russia's action was, and how largely Paléologue and France were responsible for it, and therefore sought to excuse and justify it even by falsifying documents.

The crucial point in Poincaré's apology for his conduct in 1914 is his explanation of the relation of France to the Russian general mobilization. The revelation of the original form of Telegram 118 of the "Yellow Book" made it impossible for him to continue to represent the Russian mobilization as a defensive answer to the prior German and Austrian mobilizations. It was no longer possible for him to deny that the Russian mobilization was the first in the series or that France was aware of its proposed execution. The only possible alibi for France would be to assert that her statesmen advised the Russians against mobilization. Accordingly, on pp. 385-386 of the fourth volume of the French edition of his memoirs Poincaré altered the telegram in the "Yellow Book" to read that Viviani advised Russia on the morning of June 30 to take no action leading to a partial or complete mobilization of its army. Count Montgelas immediately pounced upon this distortion, and now in the English edition we once more find a return to the original and correct version that France merely advised Russia so to conduct her military measures as not to frighten Germany into a mobilization of the German forces.

Poincaré ridicules the reviewer's contention that before the murder of the Archduke it was practically certain that, in the event of a European war, England would be found aligned with France and Russia, yet nothing is more evident from the new British Documents. Indeed, M. Poincaré knew of an unpublished document in the French archives which shows that Grey had made up his mind about what Britain should do before he had heard from France or Germany as to their prospective attitude toward Belgian neutrality.

In short, we may agree that M. Poincaré has failed signally in his final effort to show that France took any active or decisive steps to restrain Russia and avert war in 1914. In other words, we witness here the final and complete collapse of the French Epic. Poincaré's historical Man Friday, M. Pierre Renouvin, has recognized the crucial significance of this fourth volume of M. Poincaré's memoirs, and in his journal, the *Revue d'histoire de la guerre mondiale,* he has made a frantic effort to portray Poincaré as an immaculate and completely objective historian of war origins and to demonstrate that France did not foresee and had no responsibility for the Russian mobilization. Forthwith, Georges Demartial, foremost of French revisionists, published a challenging article on The Treason of the Intellectuals (see my "In Quest of Truth and Justice," pp. 407-409) offering conclusive proof that France knew of the Russian mobilization in advance and approved of it, and daring Renouvin to refute his statements. This Renouvin has refused to do, in spite of a pressing invitation from the editor of the *New York Times Current History Magazine* to use his columns for the purpose. Still further, as Dr. Gooch has pointed out in his "Revelations of European Diplomacy in 1927" (pp. xlvi-xlvii), if Poincaré were to succeed in clearing France he would only be erecting a more conclusive and damaging case against Russia.

In December, 1920, M. Poincaré contributed to the Paris *Temps* an admirable sample of historical and political logic: "In fact, if it was not the Central Powers that brought on the war, why should they be condemned to pay for it? If there is divided responsibility, then in justice there should be division of the costs." We wonder if M. Poincaré will recall this observation when he tackles the reparations problem this winter.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

The Anglo-Irish Mind

The Last September. By Elizabeth Bowen. The Dial Press. $2.50.

ELIZABETH BOWEN shows in fiction the reverse face of the Irish coin during the Sinn Fein struggle for freedom. Here is a family that to Sinn Feiners represented England intrenched, trying to carry on according to their traditions in face of an upheaval they refused to acknowledge. Sir Richard and Lady Taylor are of the class that in the old days would have been known as the "Castle crowd." In Ireland they were English; in England, Irish. It is a good tale of honest-minded, unintellectual, well-bred people set in a time decidedly out of joint.

Probably the best character in the book as a cross-section of Anglo-Irish mentality is the Taylors' niece, Lois. Divorced from her inherited environment Lois might easily have become a rebel. When she surprises a Sinn Feiner in a ruined mill, she swears not to tell—and does not tell. She is much concerned about a family one of whose members is "on the run." Yet she gets engaged—not entirely to her own taste or her relatives' comfort—to an officer who helps capture the fugitive and is himself killed in a skirmish.

There is humor in this book and no passion. Miss Bowen's

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character work is excellent. Her writing is charming. Her humor is subtle and delightful. She does not adequately suggest the horror threatening the Taylor family or the still worse horror endured by the people whom possibly they considered "natives." The Taylors' home is burned at the end, and one is sorry. They were a very human household who had the Irish angle on English manners, on the *Morning Post* and other objects of Irish wit, but no conception of the nationalist desire to be king in one's own castle. All of which but probably conveys the fact that Miss Bowen has hit her target to the joy of all beholders—Irish, English, and alien.

NORAH MEADE

The Letter Giveth Life

For Lancelot Andrewes. Essays on Style and Order. By T. S. Eliot. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

I HAVE heard this book abused as sterile by persons who had not got past the already famous preface wherein Mr. Eliot states that his general point of view is "classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and anglo-catholic in religion." Mr. Eliot, so the legend goes, has withered into a triple faith, hardened into a three-headed dogma—turned a fastidious, tired back upon our glorious confusion and gone the easy, empty way of absolutism. The author of "The Waste Land," people say, has repudiated even his vision of our contemporary intellectual desert—a vision which was useful at least in that it showed us what we are—in honor of meaningless formulas from old time which he alone mumbles, thinking thereby to achieve impossible certitudes.

But Mr. Eliot announces in the same preface that he has in preparation three volumes explaining his classicism, his royalism, and his anglo-catholicism; and after several readings of the present volume I am inclined to suggest that his detractors wait until the publication of that trilogy—when, quite possibly, there will be nothing to say. For all of Mr. Eliot's very fine and strong intelligence is here; he has in no sense lost footing, though his steps may take him where most of us never dream of walking these days. And I have every reason to believe that, far from being at the end of his critical career, he is only at the beginning of it. This in spite of the fact that he is seriously interested in religion and enormously concerned about the meanings of words. There is a connection between the two for Mr. Eliot, who approaches the problem of Grace through nothing less than the intellect. I fancy, indeed, the meaning of his book to be that almost no one else approaches it thus today. "Of course Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells are also much occupied with religion and *Ersatz-Religion.* But they are concerned with the spirit, not the letter. And the spirit killeth, but the letter giveth life." Anyone who cannot guess what Mr. Eliot intends in that pregnant paradox had better read "For Lancelot Andrewes." At least he will have read one of the most deliberate, precise, and fruitful of contemporary books.

It is miscellaneous enough, consisting as it does of essays about Bishop Andrewes, Bishop Bramhall, Machiavelli, F. H. Bradley, Baudelaire, Thomas Middleton, Richard Crashaw, and Irving Babbitt; but everywhere Mr. Eliot is training a single set of disciplined faculties upon the problem of definition. The book abounds in valuable distinctions; as when, for instance, he peels the "humanism" of Mr. Babbitt down to its essential emptiness, or explains our misunderstanding of Machiavelli by pointing out that whereas he thought in terms of men we think in terms of Humanity and the myth of human goodness, or remarks that Donne will always have more readers than Andrewes "for the reason that his sermons can be read by those who have no interest in the subject." In an age of slovenly thought and blowzy discourse Mr. Eliot is a great relief. Whether or not the letter leadeth into salvation, may he follow it in peace.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Literature of Crime

Let Tomorrow Come. By A. J. Barr. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

PEOPLE who do not understand themselves have a hard time looking at their own lives. Nothing is in place; nothing fits. Everything is in a false perspective; there is no key to the mysterious events and relationships around them. If you visit Coney Island, you are allowed to walk back and forth in front of a series of strange mirrors; your reflection is thrown back at you in a dozen grotesque shapes and dimensions. To be the victim of abnormal circumstances or psychology is like that. Nothing that is looked at comes back straight. People say things are thus and so, but they do ing seem to be; nothing agrees with the conventional description. Distortion wrinkles the face of the world, and everything is exaggerated, false, crooked, deformed.

These remarks may seem aimless, but they have a direct application to prisoners. Every one in prison is the victim in some measure of exceptional circumstances, and many of them are the victims of abnormal psychology. Very few prisoners indeed understand themselves or know why they are in prison. For that reason the efforts of prisoners to look at their own lives usually end in whining, vituperation of officials, or bitterness against society. When he tries to write, the prisoner usually sees only injustice done to himself. Lately, however, writing of an entirely different kind has been coming from behind prison walls. In this, distortion, hatred, and lament have been less in evidence than an honest attempt to see life in a penitentiary as it really is for those who experience it—to see it and to write it down without rancor or vindictiveness. Among persons who have contributed to this literature are Jim Tully, Ernest Booth, and Robert Joyce Tasker.

Barr belongs to the same school. He was a casual worker when the government reached out and put him in jail. In "Let Tomorrow Come" he gives a series of episodes of jail and "bighouse"—penitentiary—life. The banker leaves soft living for a while and is numbered among the jailbirds—what a sniveling, ugly creature he is. A big Southern white boy thinks he is going to kick the black prisoner out of his bunk and take the bunk for himself—the yarn would be humorous were it not so tawdry. Up at the prison a secret prize-fight is held; Plug licks Greasy John E. Fallon, and a new champion is crowned. A runt refuses to use the tools he is given; out in the world he used to make monuments—"Do you want to know what kind? Well, for dead men, that's what kind"—and the obtuse keepers are surprised when he goes mad. No. 17 falls down in line and dies of tuberculosis. It rains—prisoners are herded under a shed roof; there, also trying to keep dry, is a crowd of women on visit. "Which one do you mean, the skinny one?" "Oh, boy, you've lost it—you're no good any more." "Is that so? Let me at 'em and I'll show you." Such remarks are bandied about. The women, knowing full well the meaning of the looks leveled at them, run out into the rain in fear and confusion. Barr touches things not commonly touched.

This is writing of a very high order. There is a Gorki-like strength in some of these pictures. Barr has achieved an original style and one that seems to have been born right out of the heart of prison experiences. When deftness is wanted, he has it; when strength, he has strength. Luckily he is now

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out of prison, and is perhaps devoting his energies to other subjects.

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WINTHROP D. LANE

The Napoleonic Flood

Napoleon and His Family. The Story of a Corsican Clan. Madrid-Moscow: 1809-1813. By Walter Geer. Brentano's. $5.

Fouché, the Man Napoleon Feared. By Nils Forssell. Translated from the Swedish by Anna Barwell. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $4.

The Story of Napoleon Bonaparte. By Mabel S. C. Smith. With Foreword by Ida M. Tarbell. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $4.50.

THE most-written-about figure in all modern history is Napoleon Bonaparte. In the last year scores of volumes have been added to the already numberless Napoleona. A good deal of what has recently been written about him is good; much of it—perhaps most of it—is bad. All three of these books belong to the second category.

Mr. Geer's book continues along the path laid down in his earlier volume on the same subject. Depending almost entirely upon secondary sources, themselves not altogether critical, he writes an uncritical, uninspired, inaccurate, pedantic volume whose chief merit is that it puts the researches of Masson at the disposal of English-speaking readers. As a work of popularization it is a better book than his first volume. At least there is not as much tear-pumping regarding the poor brother and son who sacrificed himself for family interests; like the hard-headed statesman he was, Napoleon here is permitted to use and abuse his family to promote his own schemes and his own interests.

Why any publisher should have felt called upon to issue a translation of Mr. Forssell's "Fouché" is utterly incomprehensible. It is a book without any particular merit. The style is indifferent; the interpretation of Fouché is neither profound nor accurate; it adds nothing to the knowledge of Fouché that Madelin's biography has not already made available. In short, it is a mediocre book, and its translator might have taken more pains to discover the usual appellations of French political bodies.

Miss Smith's book seems to have been intended for adults;

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so one would judge, at any rate, from Miss Tarbell's introduction. But it is simple fare—lovely anecdotes, more interesting than true; homely philosophy and moralizing; colored pictures. There is no real reason for any of these books, unless it be to make the academic historian more self-respecting. If publishers must print stuff on Napoleon, why doesn't some enterprising publisher undertake a translation of Driault and Madelin? LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

Books in Brief

Sonnets: 1889-1927. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

These eighty-nine collected sonnets not only suggest that Mr. Robinson is the American master in their field; they also represent his career in cross-section. Beginning with character sketch and melodrama, they come on through pure drama to the speculative stage where he now is. All of his ideas are here, and most of his power. From any angle a distinguished book.

A Treasury of English Aphorisms. Edited by Logan Pearsall Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

After a long introduction in which Mr. Smith defends English writing against the charge that it is deficient in pith, he displays his evidence in a collection remarkably readable throughout. The heroes are not merely Bacon, Dr. Johnson, Chesterfield, and Blake, but Emerson and Santayana as well; and there are interesting excursions besides into Churton Collins, F. H. Bradley, the first Marquess of Halifax, and others.

Walt Whitman's Workshop. A Collection of Unpublished Manuscripts. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Clifton Joseph Furness. Harvard University Press. $7.50.

In a repetitious and pretentious introduction Mr. Furness confesses that the inspiration for his labors came partly from John Livingston Lowes, who wrote "The Road to Xanadu." But Mr. Lowes, for all his learning and desire, did not show in that book how Coleridge achieved "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" out of the mess of his young mind. And Mr. Furness succeeds even less in showing how these lecture notes, these political remarks, and these drafts of introductions intended for "Leaves of Grass" but never published in it have anything or much to do with the miracle of Whitman's best poetry. It is important to possess the material he reprints in so handsome a volume; but Mr. Furness can only suggest its relevance to "Leaves of Grass."

The Collected Poems of Ernest Dowson. With Illustrations by Elinore Blaisdell. The Medusa Head. $7.50.

A very attractive limited edition of the complete poems, with black and white illustrations sensitively conceived in the spirit of the text.

Alexander Graham Bell. By Catherine Mackenzie. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

Everything—indeed, rather more than everything—that is known about the inventor of the telephone is recorded in this ample volume. It is all the *soi-disant* virtues of the usual official biography, and comparatively few of its vices.

Princes of the Night. By Joseph Kessel. Translated by Jack Kahane. The Macaulay Company. $2.

This book was reviewed from the original French edition in *The Nation* of September 5, 1928.

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Mary Lee. By Geoffrey Dennis. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This is a reissue of the original edition of 1924. It is mentioned here because so few people seem to be aware that in Mr. Dennis we have one of the few authentic novelists writing in English today. One or two critics have already noted the magnificent originality of "Mary Lee"; possibly, with its reissue, Mr. Dennis's all-too-scanty audience may enlarge to respectable proportions.

Sex and Youth. By Sherwood Eddy. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

This book of Mr. Eddy's is evidently meant primarily as a primer of sex problems for the use of undergraduates, since he declares that it was largely in response to questions asked of him on his lecture tours among the colleges. The book, however, has value for all students of the problem because of its frankness, its compactness, and its clarity. It is remarkable indeed to find that one who has come out of so earnest a religious atmosphere as Mr. Eddy should be able to speak so enthusiastically in favor of birth control and free divorce as he does. Especially valuable is the chapter on auto-erotism. His attitude on these questions alone makes this a distinguished book, aside from the facts with which the volume is filled.

A Survey of English Literature, 1730-1780. By Oliver Elton. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company. $8.

Having surveyed English literature from 1730 to 1780, Professor Elton now turns back and writes about the half-century beginning with 1730. His book is almost a model of what such books should be. In addition to offering fresh and illuminating judgments on the familiar figures, he has studied with care the lesser journalists, letter writers, and novelists; but his approach is invariably that of a student of literature, never that of a second-rate antiquarian. In company with most contemporary critics of the eighteenth century, he recognizes the diversity of the period, rejecting the pseudo-scholarship which, twenty years ago, could see nothing but a solid mass of neo-classicism. His style is not only pleasant and readable but at times distinguished in its flexibility and directness. His motto for the book is selected from Bishop Berkeley: "Bringing things to light, alone and of itself, is of no manner of use, any otherwise than as entertainment or diversion." It is a sentence that should be inscribed over the door of every professorial study in America.

The Pedro Gorino. By Captain Harry Dean and Sterling North. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

There is an abundance of adventure asea and ashore in "The Pedro Gorino," which a subtitle describes as "The adventures of a Negro sea captain in Africa and on the Seven Seas in his attempts to found an Ethiopian empire." The book has been licked into shape by Sterling North, but the story is the autobiography of Captain Harry Dean. The tale is slow in gathering momentum, and only upon reaching the middle of the volume does it seriously take hold of one, but from then on the account of Captain Dean's life in the heart of native Africa is fascinating. This part of the action took place during the Boer War. Captain Dean presents a black, bitter record of imperialistic intrigue and exploitation of the natives, in which he himself was finally ruined and driven out of Africa under threat of further persecution. Nor is his quarrel merely with the British. He pictures the Boers as equally bent on the destruction of the natives, and more openly cruel. Possibly his story has some of the exaggerations of a man with a grievance, but on the other hand it appears to contain a number of pages of hitherto untold history as accurate and important as any that have come out of the Dark Continent.

Drama

The Grand Street Follies

UNDOUBTEDLY the spectators who attend the annual production of "The Grand Street Follies" deserve some of the credit for the success of that institution in maintaining the insouciance of its amateur standing. No audience gathers in a mood more pleasantly anticipatory and none is more ready to dismiss with a tolerant shrug the defects of an entertainment which has never pretended to be quite professional. Nor will I undertake to deny that its indulgence is needed from time to time. The edition for 1929 (Booth Theater) is scarcely more finished than that for 1922 and it occasionally crosses over to the wrong side of the mysterious line which separates the careless spontaneity of the best burlesque from the embarrassing antics of the funny man who half realizes that he is only making a fool of himself. But such occasional lapses are the penalty almost inevitably paid for the refusal of the company to risk the loss of that impromptu air which won for it its first success, and the company is right. It can still amuse with a kind of careless gaiety which no other revue has managed to capture.

The current edition begins with a scene in the Garden of Eden. Jehovah enters to consult with his creatures concerning possible means of multiplying their kind and learns with a rather puzzled relief that they have discovered for themselves a method which they find entirely satisfactory. He confesses that he will not have time to regulate very closely subsequent events on earth and he determines to intrust various important historical events to suitable persons—the Flood to Herbert Hoover, the Siege of Troy to David Belasco, Paul Revere's Ride to Jed Harris, and so on. These important occurrences, as "produced" by the directors assigned them, furnish a thread upon which the entertainment is strung and a number are ingeniously funny. The Hooverized Noah congratulates himself upon the way in which the deluge has solved the farm-relief problem most definitely by drowning all the farmers and there is a gorgeous burlesque of the mild English style of musical comedy introduced by a song which begins:

> I'm a typical English ingenue
> Compounded of shyness, and sweetness, and goo.

But perhaps the most perfectly executed bit is "The Age of Innocence (Masculine)" based upon the idea, at least as old as Swift, of showing the belle at her evening toilette. Paula Trueman enters in all the coquettish paraphernalia of the eighteen eighties. From her bouquet she extracts a lover's note, eloquently descriptive of her charms, and as she prepares for bed she sings complacently to herself the praises addressed by her innocent lover. The irony rises steadily and the transformation is cruelly complete when the once charming creature stands before us in all the hideousness of curl-papers and night-gown.

The Grand Streeters have always excelled in mimicry and they grow more expert from year to year. The astonishing Mr. Carroll (whose imitations are so exact that they would hardly be caricatures were it not for a touch of ineffable languor which he adds to each) does Beatrice Lillie and Harpo Marx superbly well; Dorothy Sands is equally good as Lenore Ulric and so is Paula Trueman as Ruth Gordon. Undoubtedly they all learned their art through the training which they received in that excellent school which used to be on Grand Street. No other New York institution so consistently insisted upon acting in contradistinction to the mere exploitation of types and personalities and it made of its most tal-

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ented members something very much like the super-marionnettes dreamed of by Gordon Craig. No doubt it is too bad that under present conditions such actors find little employment for their talents outside of travesty but travesty at least is the gainer. I shall add only one note of protest which I dare to make since no one could ever accuse me of insisting much upon what is called "clean fun." The protest is this: The Grand Streeters have a predilection for rather adolescent references to the process of generation. They expect the audience to giggle every time the Facts of Life are mentioned. Surely, though one is led to suspect the contrary, they have not just heard about them.

The indefatigable Morris Gest has imported the Freiburg Passion Players and with the aid of Mr. Belasco is presenting them at the Hippodrome. The elaborate spectacle with which they are surrounded is hardly in keeping with the naive traditions which I assume to be theirs, but Belasco has done an excellent job.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

China's Steam Roller

By H. J. TIMPERLEY

Peking, April 2

PERHAPS nothing could have revealed more clearly than the recent national congress of the Kuomintang at Nanking the dead-end toward which the Chinese Nationalist movement is drifting. In theory the congress is the highest organ of the party and therefore the supreme authority back of the National Government, control of which at present is a Kuomintang monopoly. In theory it also is fully representative of the party, and, indirectly, of the nation at large. It is a patent fact, however, that the congress which has just closed represented nothing but the present Nanking regime, critics of which were rigidly debarred from participation in its discussions, and that its primary purpose was the perpetuation of that regime's threatened existence. Under different circumstances it might very well have constituted the nearest approach to a parliament that this country so far had seen. Instead it is likely to rank among the fairly numerous examples of political prestidigitation and chicanery that mar the pages of China's more recent history.

It is estimated that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his immediate following controlled the nomination of at least 80 per cent of the congress delegates, many of whom were about as competent to speak for the districts they were supposed to represent as would be an Eskimo for Timbuctoo. This was achieved by a simple declaration empowering the party headquarters at Nanking to appoint delegates for districts which were not yet "fully organized" according to the party rules. Most of the districts which by this device were denied representation appear to have been those from which healthy, and, from the viewpoint of the present regime, dangerous opposition might have been expected to develop at the congress.

A rigorous government censorship could not stifle entirely the deep resentment which this palpable packing of the congress aroused throughout the country. Protests came from all sides, but provincial branches which opposed the arbitrary manipulation of the party's election machinery were promptly suppressed and their delegates replaced by Nanking nominees. Among the dissentient bodies were the Kuomintang organizations of nine provinces and of a number of the larger cities, including Peking, Tientsin, and Hankow. In Nanking itself a protest meeting organized by the city branch of the Kuomintang was well under way when the police swooped down and arrested the chief participants. Finally the discontent of a very considerable section of the party's membership was given authoritative expression in a stirring denunciation of the Nanking regime by Wang Ching-wei and other prominent Left Wing leaders who are sharing his semi-voluntary exile abroad. This manifesto, with the main thesis of which the fair-minded foreign observer scarcely can fail to agree, presented a shrewdly accurate analysis of the results which have followed the so-called completion of the revolution. The statement declares:

It is most unfortunate that after the Northern expedition has been successfully concluded the party should sink suddenly into a state of deplorable decadence. The opportunists and the mandarins have made strong inroads into the party in the meantime and have intrenched themselves in strategic positions to reap for themselves the benefit of the revolution. The political power wrested from the Northern militarists is now held by no worthier personalities; the revolution has brought about nothing more than the transference of power from one set of tyrants to another set. The wishes, welfare, and aspirations of the people are not in the least considered—their freedom, life, and property are always in jeopardy. The lives of thousands of our comrades which were lost in the revolution, the millions of dollars, the sweat and blood of our poverty-stricken people have contributed only to the welfare of the wily few, well versed in the dubious methods of politics. Who can deny, in the face of such facts, that the revolution is an utter failure?

In appearance we are now governed by a party, but, as the party is now bossed by mandarins and militarists, is it, then, that the rule of the party means precisely the rule of the mandarin and the militarist? Amid the general disappointment and simmering discontent of the people, we have been hoping that the present period may be just a temporary relapse and that, with the calling of the third national congress, the will of the people may have an opportunity of exerting itself again. But the election procedure that has been adopted by the central party headquarters all seems to facilitate the further employment of the mandarin militarists' tactics in party affairs. More than 80 per cent of the delegates of the congress are either appointed or "designated" by the organization department of the central party headquarters—a most flagrant violation of the democratic principle of our party. Our party protested against the Rehabilitation Conference called by Tuan Chi-jui because it was bossed by a handful of militarists and mandarins. Now that our own national party congress is called in exactly the same manner, how are we going to explain ourselves to the world?

The incumbent authorities, of course, try to justify their manipulation of the election on the ground that if an open election should be permitted the Communists would be bound to rush in. This defense is in itself an accusation. For is it not a patent fact that the Communists would never have had a chance to implant themselves among us if our mandarins and militarists had not prepared the way for them? It is a tragic irony that our authorities are adopting the same tactics as those of the Northern militarists to suppress all popular movements, in the name of guarding the country from communism.

We hold [the Left Wing leaders declare in conclusion] that the party is passing through its most critical hour. We hold that our only hope, which is to restore the party to its popular basis by way of the machinery provided by the third national congress, is frustrated because the delegates to the congress are not representatives of the people but merely hired men of the central authority. We hereby protest, as members of the party, against this most treasonable act and we pledge our lives to defend the party, threatened as it now is by the gravest danger, for the peril of the party is the peril of the revolution.

One of the very few vernacular papers which risked suppression and published this "Red trumpet blast," as one of the "diehard" foreign sheets described it, was Feng Yu-

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hsiang's official organ in Peking. This is one of several indications which tend to confirm the general expectation that before long the "Christian General" will emerge as the popular champion.

"Absolute freedom of the press" is a plank of the Kuomintang's political platform which it appears to have been found convenient for the purposes of the recent congress to drop. In theory the sessions were open to the press but the Chinese journalists who attended were warned that official reports of the proceedings would be issued each evening and that papers which varied in any way the wording of these communiques would be promptly closed down. An outspoken and significant comment upon Nanking's domination of the congress nevertheless was made by *China Tomorrow,* a liberal monthly published by a group of students in Peking. This paper is quoted as follows:

> Surely the government could arrange no more efficient means of carrying through all its projects without opposition. And it could find no more certain way of absolutely crushing any germs of democracy that may have been able to find their way into the operation of the government at Nanking. What could be more absurd than to expect the people of China to be awakened to the possibilities of a democratic government by teaching them its meaning and then using every means possible to prevent free speech and free thought that does not happen to coincide with the principles dosed out by the local Kuomintang organizations? There is no surer way of precipitating a revolution, delayed but inevitable.

A trenchant editorial in the same issue asks the challenging question whether or not the Kuomintang is betraying the people.

> When the Chinese people look around and realize that the Nanking plans for social welfare and democracy are wholly on paper, what can be the result, the very natural result, but a spirit of revolt? The Nationalist Government and party must play fair with the people of China if there is not to be another revolution some time in the not too distant future. Let us hold our country and our party to a platform of sincerity, so that the teachings of Sun Yat-sen may be a reality consistent with our own form of government and not merely a system of propaganda whereby the people can be kept in as passive submission as that which they had to preserve under the emperors.

Those who at present control the destinies of the Kuomintang and therefore, for the moment, of China appear to have paid little heed to the sound advice offered by Professor Edward S. Corwin of Princeton who, in discussing recently at a meeting of the American Association in Peking the new system of government set up at Nanking, pointed out that the pyramid of political authority in China today stands on its apex and obviously it must be eased to a broader and less precarious basis as speedily as possible. Two things at least, in his opinion, are necessary: cooperation of existing elements of party leadership to prevent elements or individuals from playing a lone hand, and the extension of party membership as swiftly as possible to all assimilable and important elements of the nation, thus insuring the rapid absorption of the available political talent.

"To the latter measure," declared Dr. Corwin, "there is, in fact, only one alternative, the indefinite continuance of militarism."

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL BLANSHARD has just returned from an investigation of the mill strikes in Tennessee and the Carolinas.

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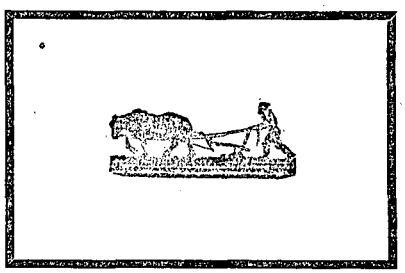

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